



# Student Review

BYU's weekly campus magazine

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January 28, 1987

## PMS: Post Mission Syndrome

by Kermit O. King

Every semester a platoon of veterans hits our campus beaches. They aren't MIAs from 'Nam, and they aren't Nicaraguan mercenaries. They are returning missionaries, with the medals of a different kind of service pinned to their polyester tunics.

Seventy-three percent of BYU's male student body (and 11% of the women, too) are returned missionaries. That's a whopping majority. Yet some, especially those newly returned, are easier to spot than others. You know the type. He's the guy who always wears his suit to class. He's got the January tan in August. He's the one who opens his dates with prayer. Freshmen see him and say, "If that's what a mission does to you, I'm not going." He seems stuck between two lifestyles, a man in cultural and social limbo. Certainly he is a minority, and most likely his symptoms are temporary. Most missionaries return with greater wisdom, stronger testimonies, and improved interpersonal skills. Still, those who have served can identify with that poor, maladjusted RM. Many must realign themselves socially, others may miss the missionary lifestyle, and some may wobble spiritually.

Seeking to explore this issue, I conducted a written survey of missionaries who had returned within the year. The questions on the survey attempted to elicit a broad impression of the post-mission experience. I also spoke with several church leaders and administrators. In the course of this research, two areas of focus became apparent: first, what sort of adjustments do returning missionaries undergo? and second, do these adjustment problems impinge upon their spirituality? The answers are noteworthy.

In discussing such adjustments, time is an interesting factor. How long does it take to reacclimatize to the non-mission environment? Our survey provided some insights. It showed a fairly even dispersion of responses from immediate adjustment up to a few months or more. Yet when the data are separated into groups of men and women, we find that 80% of the males felt comfortable within a few weeks or less, while only 20% of the females felt adjusted in a few weeks or less. The remaining 20% of the men and 80% of the women required "a few months."

What are the most difficult adjustments? Survey responses were diverse. Most common was a feeling of loneliness, a longing for the camaraderie and deeper friendships which are forged on missions. Often pre-mission friends don't relate as well to the returned missionary, intensifying his loneliness. Said one student, "During my mission I won many friends in whom I could trust, but when I returned home, there were none." Another commented, "I felt lonely at times, and even like I wasn't important because I wasn't a missionary anymore."

Another common difficulty we might term the "Camouflage Effect." When one sees ROTC students on campus, their camouflage fatigues attract attention. They are noticed. Their individuality is enhanced. Put a regiment of them together, however, and their individuality is drowned out by their uniformity. It is harder to differentiate one from the other. This concept lends itself well to missionaries. In the field, missionaries are extraordinary. They are adored by their investigators, lauded by the ward, and noticed by the public. They are truly unique. After their release, they are briefly honored as heroes and then suddenly they don't get to wear the badge anymore. Soon most will blend into the backdrop of thousands of other former missionaries at BYU, just one more drone in the collective swarm.

The "culture shock" so often spoken of when entering a foreign land seems somewhat less intimidating on the return trip. Nevertheless, 12% indicated it was their biggest adjustment. And "culture and people" ranked highest as the thing missed most about a mission. The survey also showed that English-speaking and non-English speaking missionaries required roughly the same adjustment

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## The First Date

The story you are about to read is true. The names have been changed to protect the embarrassed.

### His Version | Her Version

"I have a challenge for you," my Mission President said looking down at me from his desk, his eyes bright with the fire of righteousness. "You should be engaged within six months of your return home!"

I knew he was right. Therefore, immediately following my homecoming, I sat down to work out some goals and objectives. I realized the goals had to make me stretch but also be realistic. After much thought, I decided upon the best goal; I would go on a date. "Yes, a date. I'll go on a date," I thought. I immediately wrote the goal down and then wasted no time in acting upon it. I called X, a young girl in my ward who always gave the best answers in Gospel Doctrine class. Also, she had complimented me on my

see Y's View page 5

I guess when it gets down to it, sympathy is what I feel for those recently returned missionaries. Fueled by their well-meaning mission presidents they are downright eager to be married. I just wish they could be slightly subtle about it.

For example, this semester brought a whole new crop of returned missionaries to our ward. There was this one guy, especially, who could barely remain seated for more than ten minutes at a time. The worst part is that it seemed his radar had locked upon me as the target. I gave some answers in our Sunday School class and I could tell that he was really getting into it. I made the mistake of looking over once--he was nodding his head profusely. Then he winked. After

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# Blessings of a Stateside Mission

by Steve Jackson

Either you did or you didn't go to a foreign mission. There isn't really a grey area here; it is simply a matter of geography, logic, and definition.

For example, "What is Canada?" would be the correct Jeopardy answer to "name a country near the United States considered to be a foreign mission." How about the elders who get sent to a stateside language mission, like the "Fresno Thai speaking mission," or the "New Orleans Cajun speaking mission"? Well, my panel of judges indicates that due to the geography of the matter, those are stateside missions.

Oh sure, don't lie when you say there wasn't a slight dissatisfaction when you peeled the sacred envelope open and the words "Arkansas Okeefeenokee Mission" appeared. It has nothing to do with that part of the nation not being rather spectacular in its own right--you just never thought about going on your mission there.

It is sad but true, this classifying of mission types--the demographical classification of culture and convenience, language difficulties vs. baptisms, church-states as opposed to religious freedom, a covenant people compared to the hard hearted. Where you go on your mission ends up being one of the most significant events in your life. But we all can't go to the Austria "wow, look at this slide of the Alps," mission, or the Japan "check out the price on that camera" mission. Some of us were chosen to serve in the States.

Each mission undoubtedly has its good and bad points, its advantages and difficulties. But for the States missionary there seems to be a particular nasty batch of problems to go along with the blessings that must be dealt with while out in the field. The first thing you discover is this

creature known as the "missionary chaser." She is about fifteen years old, wears too much make-up, and is known for her overzealous desire to make you cookies, as well as flirting with you at church while you are supposed to be impressing the members. Her mother is often worse. You soon notice that you eat dinner over to their house more than once a week, and that they want to do your laundry and drive you to the zoo on P-day.

They want you to be part of the family, to feel at home, to relax, kick your Mr. Mac shoes off and really enjoy your mission for a change. They offer you anything: food, toilet paper, Books of Mormon, but when they say, "what can we do for you, Elders," and you say, "we would like to teach your friends the gospel!" the room becomes silent and the mood changes. Most members will part with just about anything but their friends.

Of course there are those members who really try to set up a meeting or give you a well planned referral. They do the fellowshipping and you do the teaching and if everybody plays their cards right some neat things can happen.

But unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on your experience with this matter, one of the all-time greatest feats of a stateside missionary is the correlating of "splits" with the now defunct Seventies Quorum. Many a promising batch of "white slips" have escaped the water because of this famed team-teaching approach. A well prepared stateside elder would let the regular ward member know his exact role in the upcoming discussion. It was always good to go over a few essentials: speak only when spoken to, don't quote anything outside the scriptures, (Journal of Discourses, Mormon Doctrine, etc) and bear strong testimony of the issue at hand, not some irrelevant theological philosophy that you might

feel strongly about. There simply is no need to mention ward budgets in the first discussion. If the contact can last through the discussions, survive the scrutiny of the ward, pass the interview, and manage to get home teachers, then and only then can you bring up the convert's building fund potential.

Another aspect of a stateside mission that is both good and bad is the famous dinner calender. In some areas of the mission field, actual ward assignments are given, complete with a sustaining vote, for some concerned relief society sister to make sure the elders are being fed on a regular basis. If you really want to create tension with the members, miss one of your dinner appointments, or even worse, accidentally schedule two on the same evening.

LDS mothers are known for their excellence in the spaghetti-preparation department, concocting hundreds of variations on this theme: spaghetti and spinach, spaghetti and possum, even spaghetti and green jello for that "new" elder in the zone.

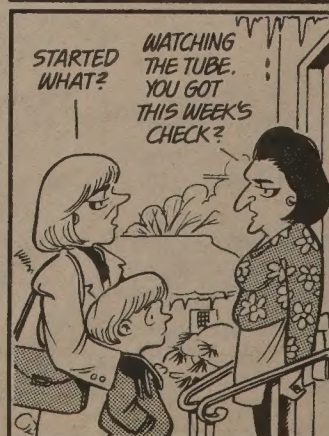
Ultimately however, being fed at no charge is nothing to gripe about. You get to see the members in their home, play with their kids, and hopefully pick up a few referrals. You certainly wouldn't want to bite the hand that feeds you, especially if it belongs to the parent of an eighteen year old member of the opposite sex who just might be attending BYU the same semester you get home. You can start the conversation off with, "Hi, remember all those times I ate spaghetti at your house while I was on my mission?" That's all the spark some relationships need.

Yes, it is a mixed blessing, this stateside mission experience. Despite the tendency to call home and the possibility of seeing your parents on

see Blessings on back page

## Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

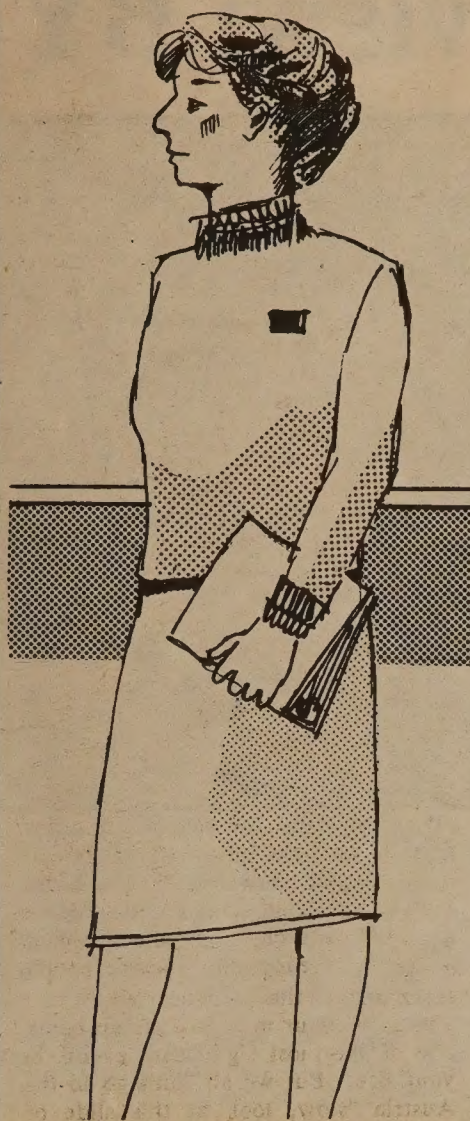




# Keeping the Faith

by Steven Shippen

# Sister Missionaries



by Heather Payne

The shock of adjusting to post-mission life is not unique to men. Post Mission Syndrome--the Sister Strain can be as debilitating as the male version. One returned sister missionary shares her experience. "On my mission, everything was so meaningful. Daily, I helped people understand long-term ideas such as the plan of salvation. Then I came home to a job in a pizza parlor with its trivial small talk. I felt let down."

Although most sisters RM's have friends who served missions before them, many are the first from their family to serve a mission.

Unlike men who return to an Elders' Quorum full of returned missionaries, sister RM's are put into a Relief Society class with few other returned sister missionaries. In addition, although most sister RM's have friends who served missions before them, many are the first from

their family to serve a mission. As a result, some sister RM's feel they have to confront their adjustment problems alone.

Also, some sister RM's have unrealistic expectations of post-mission life. This is evidenced by the statement of a returned sister who said, "I lacked direction before [my mission] and thought I would gain it. I didn't. I'm still just as confused about academics and career."

Some symptoms of PMS stem from the fact that missionaries are expected to be goal- and achievement-oriented. On their missions, many sisters struggled to find a balance between what was expected of them and what they expected of themselves as sister missionaries. When a sister RM returns home, this internal struggle is repeated as she seeks to redefine her role within family and social circles.

The age difference between male and female RM's also causes some problems. The fact that sister missionaries are on the average older than their District Leaders and Zone Leaders helped many sisters realize that their priesthood leaders were not infallible. After the mission, it can then be very disheartening for a sister RM to realize that her home ward bishop can be just as human as her former District Leader.

Age is also a factor in dating and marriage considerations. Male RM's are no longer officially encouraged to marry quickly after their missions. However, some sister RM's feel the pressure to get married before they are too old to have children. A sister RM comments, "Before my mission, I wasn't pre-occupied about marriage. I always told myself that I had college and a mission to finish before I would have to worry. But now that I'm home from my mission with less than a year left of school, I've decided that marriage should be the next step." Another sister adds, "Now I'm working with a time element. I can't waste my time on relationships that aren't going anywhere."

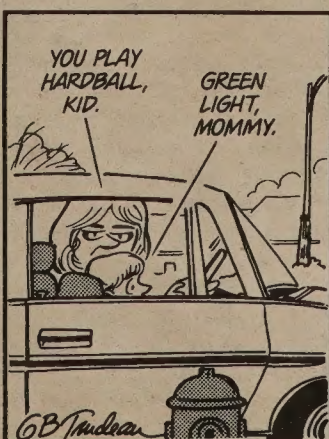
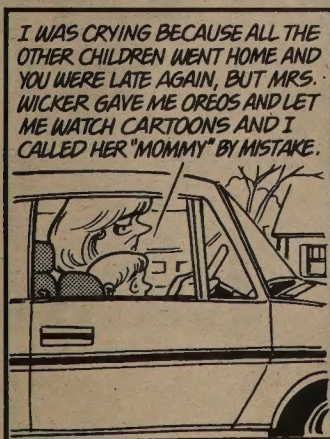
The fact that most men like to date younger girls is a cause of concern for some sister RM's. When asked what she thought of this dating pattern, one sister said, "A lot [of guys] are intimidated [by sister RM's] but that's all right. The threatened men weed themselves out so we don't have to."

One guy who is not intimidated said he would rather date a sister RM for three reasons. "First, she's in the church for herself; second, she won't be bewildered by the temple ceremony; and third, she won't go inactive 24 hours after I marry her." Another guy said his attraction to sister RM's lies in the fact that their missions have taught them to deal with rejection and to overcome challenges.

Even though Post Mission Syndrome--the Sister Strain can be debilitating, it also can be overcome. No trite prescriptions will be given here, but sisters, remember this: If your post-mission adjustment gets too bad, we can always go on another mission. The guys have to wait until they are married to go again.

see Faith on page 15

Doonesbury





## Interview: BYU Missionaries

by Angela M. Smith

All missionaries go through the same torture: where will I get called on my mission? There is always that unspoken pressure to go foreign. Places such as Switzerland, Austria and Italy provide some hope, yet the fear of going to Bolivia and starving to death digs deep. Then, there is always the excitement of going stateside to places like Billings, Montana or B.Y.U., Salt Lake City, South Mission. But, after it's all over, every mission turns out to be great and all the sweat and worry is all for naught.

Student Review was skeptical about the B.Y.U. mission being the "greatest mission on Earth," so we decided to interview the B.Y.U. missionaries and find out if that statement has become true for them.

The B.Y.U. missionaries are Elder Manning from Jacksonville, Fla., and Elder Cole from a small black community called Valejo, Calif.. They were the only ones who were available to interview at press time. The other two were out on important assignments.

**STUDENT REVIEW:** Elder Manning, tell me how long you've been here and what are your plans after your mission?

**MANNING:** I've been on my mission 20 months. I'm going straight to the beach after my mission! Then for the summer I'll be at the University of North Florida. It's fifteen minutes from my house and only five minutes from the beach. I don't know what's going on for the fall though.

**SR:** Have you ever been to BYU for school?

**MANNING:** No, I went two semesters to another university. [An interjection from Elder Cole: "He's been here so long, he could have two semesters from BYU"] Ha..Ha..Ha..

**SR:** Do you think you will ever go to BYU?

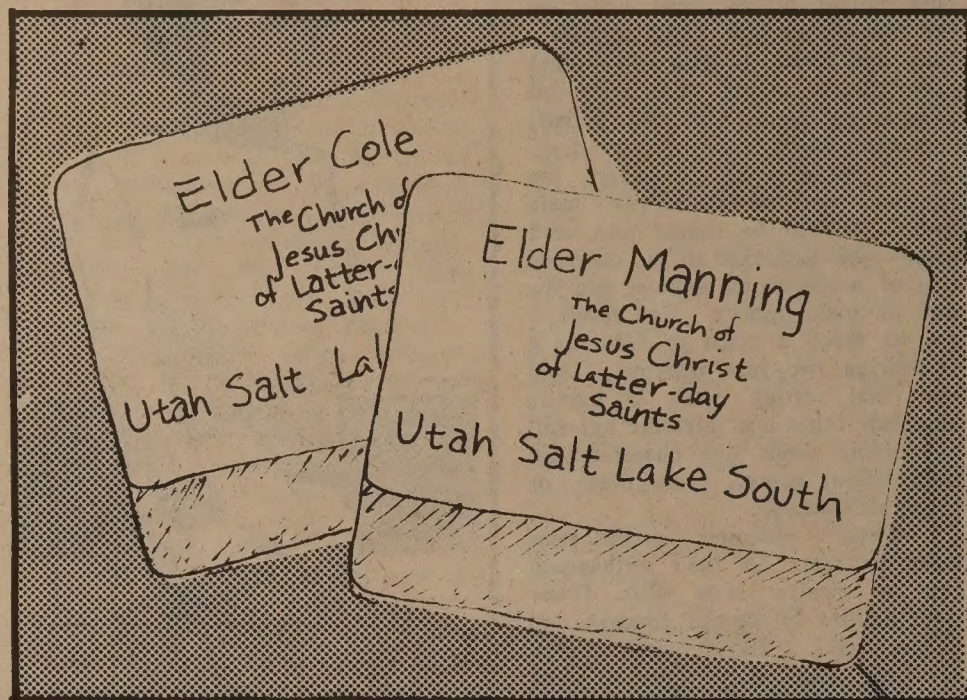
**MANNING:** It's a possibility.

**SR:** Elder Cole, how about you?

**COLE:** I've been out ten months. I went to a junior college before I came out here. I plan on going to a school in southern Cal.

**MANNING:** No, no, let me tell the truth here. His father said he had to go to BYU, but Elder Cole said he'd only go there if he got called to Utah on his mission. Then Elder Cole said he'd only go to BYU if he served on BYU campus. I think the Lord was trying to tell him something.

**COLE:** You see, a bunch of my friends go to UCLA so I wanted to go there and play football. But my father said that I had to go on a mission first. So then I said, O.K. if BYU beats UCLA in football, THEN,



I'll go to BYU for school. I guess BYU is not so bad after all, now. [Long debate between SR and Elder Cole as to which school is the best--not publishable]. To answer your question, I'll probably go where ever I can play football.

**SR:** What was your first reaction when you got your call to the Salt Lake City South Mission?

**MANNING:** Shock. Amazement. I had to read it through about three times before I figured out this was where I was going. I figured, yeah, this is where the MTC is in Utah, but where am I going on my mission?

**COLE:** Were you seriously bummed?

**MANNING:** I was bummed out. Of course I didn't realize that it had really come from the Lord. I got here in my first area and I've been up ever since.

**SR:** As far as BYU goes in your mission, is it the place to be?

**COLE:** Everyone wants to serve here. This is THE area. I mean you haven't got an office anywhere else.

**SR:** Elder Cole, what was your first reaction to your call?

**COLE:** I didn't really know what to think. There were four dudes that were serving in my town that were from Utah. They came over to my house and told me how lucky I was, but I thought everyone was already Mormon. Like, what am I going to do out there? I didn't know if it was a building mission or a construction mission. These guys told me there were a lot of members, lots of referrals, you don't have to tract that much, and you teach a lot of people.

**SR:** Most missionaries experience some sort of culture shock when they enter new surroundings. What was your first experience with this culture?

**SR:** Do you ever get hassled by anyone because you're not on a REAL mission?

**COLE:** Big time. Constantly. Just today this guy came in here and asks, "what are you guys doing?"

**MANNING:** No, it hasn't really been bad the last couple of months, but we've had people come up to us and say, "Hey, why don't you go on a real mission." Only once in a while we'll come across a jerk returned missionary. They'll usually say, something like, "we usually tract on our mission." And I just say, "Oh yeah, well we baptize on ours, so what's your problem?"

**COLE:** If you want to teach and baptize, this is the mission.

**SR:** What is a day in the life of a missionary at BYU?

**COLE:** We normally get up at 6:30, and sometimes we go to the religion classes in the morning. Then we check on referrals and spend most of our time teaching.

**MANNING:** We're trying to get out and get people to think about living their religion and making Christ the center of their life. You've got non-members going to BYU taking Book of Mormon classes who have no background in even the basics of the religion. These people should be coming to us to learn at least the foundations, the language and the difference between opinions and doctrine.

**SR:** What will be the hardest adjustment when you get home?

**MANNING:** I don't know. Every mission has different mission rules and different presidents. We've got

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## Y's View from front page

talk, so I knew that she saw me as a true spiritual leader. She accepted a date for Friday night.

I must admit that I was fairly nervous when I came to pick her up. I decided that I would do what I did on my mission when I was nervous. I went up to her, looked her straight in the eye, gave her a firm handshake, and said, "Hello, Sister X." I knew she was impressed because she simply stared at her hand for a few seconds, obviously overwhelmed with emotion. I took her out to the car and said, "Permettez-moi, Mademoiselle," as I opened the door for her. I had decided to take her out to dinner at a French restaurant some 40 minutes from her house. I knew that this would give us a long time to talk each way. I told her all about my mission because I knew that all girls are always fascinated by mission stories. In the middle of one of the stories, to really impress her, I said, "... and so then I said, 'Et, Madame, si vous priez et lisez le Livre de Mormon ...'"

"Excuse me, Y," she said.

"Oh, was I speaking French?" I asked, trying to sound startled. "I'm sorry, it's just that I'm so used to it you know."

"Yes, ha, ha," she replied rather softly.

Finally we pulled up in front of La Vie Parisienne and went inside. I figured I would order in French to further impress her. "Monsieur, je voudrais commencer avec le ..."

"What the hell is it you want?" the waiter said. X laughed a little but I'm sure it was just to make the waiter feel better.

When the meal came, I put my bread next to my plate, European style. I caught her looking at it. "Oh, I guess that does look a little funny," I explained, "well that's how people always eat bread in France."

"Fascinating," she admitted.

The rest of the dinner went fairly well and I could feel that I was winning her over. A couple more weeks and I would probably be able to propose to her. Boy, engaged

within one month. My mission president was sure to be impressed. I figured that asking a girl to marry you was a lot like challenging someone to baptism; you needed to talk about it from the first date or discussion, whatever the case may be. So, I decided to take X to Temple Square and walk around the grounds. After strolling and talking about the temple, I sat her down in full view of the temple. "Have you ever read D&C 132?" I asked her. She avoided my glance.

"Oh, not that I can remember," she said.

"Well you should read it. It's a marvelous testimony of what a man and a woman can achieve together." She looked kind of embarrassed, had a smirk on her face, and kept on looking around. "I know it's difficult to talk about such sacred things in a public place," I said looking deeply into her eyes.

"I need to get a drink of water," she said and ran off coughing profusely. I looked back at the temple and wondered if it would be too soon to set an appointment for a wedding.

When I took her back to the door, I was wondering what I should do. Probably give her a kiss good-night. I couldn't remember a lot about kissing except that it had something to do with the mouth and that I used to enjoy it. I figured I would just stick my head in her direction and see what happened. However, she immediately stuck her hand out and gave me a firm handshake. "I can respect that," I told her movingly. She smiled so broadly I thought her face would burst. Truly a spiritual girl.

"So what should we do tomorrow night?" I queried.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I've already got plans," she said and quickly went inside. I walked to the car in a perplexed state. I knew she wouldn't have accepted a date for Saturday if I had asked her out for Friday. She must just not want to force me to take her out. I decided to call her the next morning and let her know that I really did want to take her out again. With that decided, I drove back home and reread section 132.

## X's View from front page

class he came bounding over, knocking over several chairs, and breathlessly asked me out. He was trying so hard. There was no way on earth that I could have said no and still considered myself a charitable person.

When he came to pick me up he was so nervous I thought he would faint. I was about to offer him some aspirin or a warm washcloth or something when he stuck out his hand mechanically and said, "Hello, Sister X." Sister? Oh boy, this was going to be a Good Time. Not very much unlike Peter Cottontail he hopped out to the car, opened the door and mumbled something in a foreign language.

We had barely got in the car and he started in about the mission. Everything reminded him of his mission, everybody looked like somebody he knew on his mission or was so strikingly different from what he knew on his mission that he could not pass up the opportunity to note the startling contrast for me. One time he started babbling.

"Excuse me, Y," I said.

"Oh, was I speaking French? I'm sorry, it's just that I'm so used to it, you know. English seems like the foreign language to me now!" He was so incredibly smug. I knew he had been planning this the whole evening. He had probably been practicing. Now was the moment I was supposed to lavish him with praise and admiration.

"Yes, how about that . . . . How very quaint," was all that I could offer.

Finally we pulled up in front of--can you guess--a French restaurant. Before I could so much as voice a food preference he asserted that he would be doing the ordering, you know, because it was a foreign restaurant and he was conversant and everything. It was the greatest, though, because when he ordered, the waiter didn't have the vaguest notion what he was saying. I laughed heartily. Y did not. This was the high point of the evening.

The meal, of course, was yet another vehicle for Y to demonstrate

every cultural gem he had picked up on his mission. In a grand sweeping gesture he took his bread off his plate and placed it a great distance from his plate. Then he gave me that "go ahead, ask me why I am making such an incredible fool of myself" look.

"That's how the French eat their bread," he informed me.

"Fascinating," I returned, pushing my bread all the closer to me.

The rest of the dinner went fairly well. We didn't have to talk because of the food. He seemed sort of lost in thought, pleased with himself and the evening.

Then came the Big Mistake. He took me to temple square and moved right into the marriage discussions. This guy had nerve. I guess they all do. He asked me if I had read D & C 132, to which I returned firmly that I had not and was so busy that there was a great likelihood that I would not get around to it for a very, very long, long time. But he was already gone to the land of fantasies. I mean, we were in a very public place, and his sense of conversation discretion had completely abandoned him. I had to tell him to lower his voice several times, but this just seemed to encourage him.

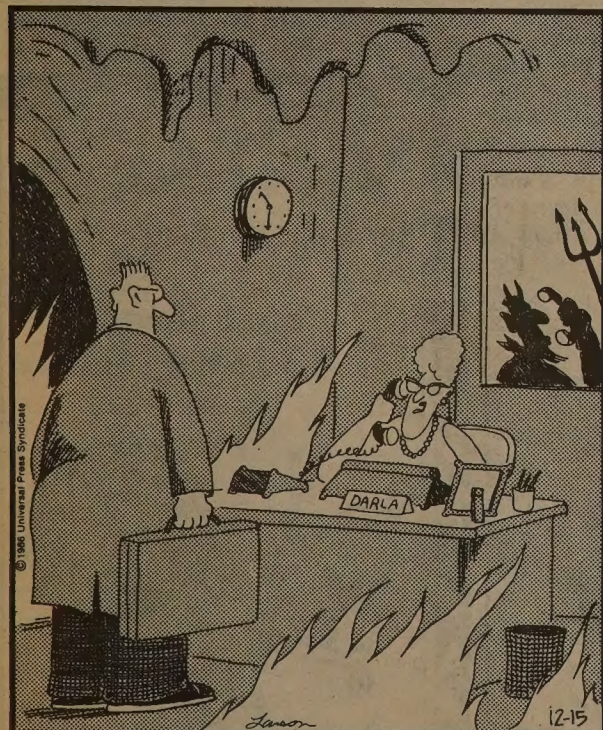
I could bear it no longer. "I need a drink of water now please." I proceeded to cough for all I was worth. It was all I could think of.

When he took me back to the door I could sense that he was hopeful for that final victory. I'm sorry, I couldn't be the one to give it to him. I stuck my hand out and gave him a firm handshake. A sort of dreamy look came over his face. "I respect that," he said. What, do they get a special pamphlet or something that provides them with these lines?

"So what should we do tomorrow night?" he asked me, evidently entertaining liberal assumptions and wanting to waste no time in seeing to their fruition.

"I'm sorry, I've got plans," I said as I gently but firmly pushed him out of the doorway so that I could close and lock my door. I stayed up awhile, musing about the evening. These guys never learn.

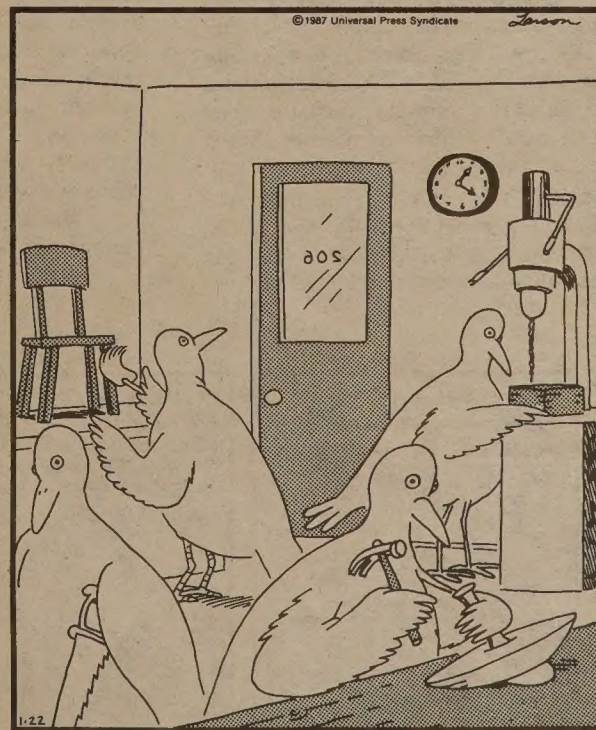
## THE FAR SIDE



"Sorry to bother you, sir, but there's another salesman out here - you want me to tell him to go to heaven?"



Maybe it's not me, y'know? ... Maybe it's the rest of the herd that's gone insane."



Non-singing canaries have to take wood shop

By GARY LARSON



# Missionaries and Their Folklore

by Dave Anderson

I know you've heard a million of them--those countless mission stories that usually begin with "On my mission...." Even students who haven't gone on missions have heard their share, usually more than they would like to. So I've learned never to utter a single phrase that has to do with my mission; it turns girls off. But I keep them tucked away in the sancrosanct of my mind and unleash them at mission reunions. Yes, I confess that I am an in-the-closet nostalgic RM.

If mission stories are so uncool, why did so many come into being in the first place? I've learned in my folklore class that our mindless mission chatter is part of a folklore group called "Mormon missionary folklore" and that it satisfies important psychological needs.

According to Doctor William A. Wilson, Chairman of the English Department, we use folklore, or verbal art, to "let off steam, cope with the pressures resulting from submitting to the way of life and to the sometimes nagging rules prescribed by mission authorities, persuade [ourselves] and [our] companions to conform to accepted standards of conduct," and to "create an esprit de corps...." A few personal examples of missionary folklore (stories, jargon, song, etc.) may prove him right:

**Example One:** A popular story in my mission in Paraguay involves a mass-marketed soda called "Guarana." It looks like beer, foams like beer, reportedly tastes something like beer, and comes in bottles that beer would typically come in. Apparently, three seasoned elders sat down to lunch with a greenie and explained that beer drinking was acceptable in the church in South America as they popped open a bottle of Guarana and poured him a glassful. The greenie hesitated, but worriedly drank down the non-alcoholic drink to conform to the habits of his cohorts.

According to Wilson, missionaries praise and talk about such pranks because they unify the group; pranks are only played on missionaries who are "in." The missionaries love initiation stories because they talk about another newcomer being accepted into the fold.

**Example Two:** Our beloved president was called everything in the book, from "El Queso Grande (the big Cheese)" to simply "The Prez."

I learned that we used such jargon to "let off steam, a kind of 'silent rebellion.'" We never meant any disrespect to our president, mind you, and Dr. Wilson would agree. But we avoided formal titles to help us remember that "the authority who presides over them [us missionaries]--fearsome as he sometimes appears--is also a man."

**Example Three:** Another popular story in my mission took place in a river town. The river swelled above its banks, as it often does, and it flooded the entire town. One of the more "colorful" elders in our mission boarded the chapel's portable fiberglass baptismal font and reportedly rowed across the river from Paraguay to Argentina.

Here, missionaries enjoy hearing about a very unauthorized trip because it helps them deal with living under a system full of rules and guidelines for living. Freud would say they were "acting out suppressed desires" when they told this tale.

**Example Four:** In another mission, as the story says, a missionary broke his arm. Later, he and his companion stumbled across a born-again revival session where a faith-healer was performing "miracles." The doubtful elder challenged the healer to fix his broken arm, and the healer successfully cured him. However, the elder was plagued with evil spirits. He asked rightful priesthood bearers for a blessing and upon receiving one, his arm re-broke.

According to Wilson, this story urges its hearers to "conform to accepted standards of conduct." And so missionaries tell the story, not for entertainment, but to warn each other of special dangers.

Many stories I thought were unique to my mission are heard by elders and sisters all over the world, such as the story of the laundromat manager who hangs the elder's garments in the window and the laundromat burns down. They change slightly in detail, but historical accuracy isn't important. In fact, Wilson asserts that not all missionary folklore comes from actual experience; stories can be adapted from another group's folklore or it is invented. However, all missionary folklore, whether factual or not, is "always psychologically true."

While the form of the stories change, function remains the same.

Missionary folklore functions to help us deal with missionary problems and find resolutions.

Almost all returned missionaries keep their folklore buried in their minds with great appreciation. Though they are obsolete as tools for coping, they still help ex-missionaries remember the real mission during those precious moments when it's OK to reminisce.

*Dave went on a mission to South America, but he's a nice guy.*

## Call for Response

Have you ever been kidnapped? Hijacked? Held for ransom? If so, we would love to hear from you now. Write to or call the *Review* and ask for Brian Fogg.

Send in your Brushes with Fame, with Standards, with the Hollands, with General Authorities, with Death or with anything you feel is brush-worthy.

Send in your Valentine messages now for the *Student Review* sweetheart edition--coming soon to an off-campus newsstand near you.

## Did Nephi Have it so Bad?

by Spencer Dixon

Almost every returned missionary comes home with marvelous stories of faith, testimony and conversion. Members of the church love to hear these stories and they often strengthen our faith and testimonies. But what about those stupid missionary stories? You know, the one about Bill Cosby joining the church. How do these rumors get started? By the jealous people? What's wrong with our faith? Do we really need these faith promoting brushes with fame to rationalize our testimonies? The Book of Mormon teaches that "Rumors harden the hearts of the people against that which is good." This leads me to ask "Did Nephi have it so bad?"

One can imagine Nephi's headaches as he heard this conversation:

"Yeah, I heard that Laman was taking the discussions but he couldn't get baptised because he won't give up meat on Fridays."

"Yeah, I heard that too. But I thought it was Laban not Laman. A friend of mine from Jerusalem told me that Nephi didn't really kill Laban but just wounded him really bad. Later the sons of Mosiah, Noah, Seth, Aaron and the brother of Jared, went to Jerusalem and were teaching him."

I love to hear these faith promoting stories; they bring tears of laughter to my eyes. Here's how I heard it the other day in the Cougarcat:

"I heard that Lionel Ritchie was taking the discussions. My cousin's boyfriend's sister is waiting for a missionary in California who is teaching him. He knows it's true but won't get baptised because he makes too much from concerts on Sunday."

"I heard that too, but it wasn't Lionel Ritchie, it was Michael Jackson--isn't he a Mormon?"

"No, don't you remember the Thriller video, he's a Seventh Day Adventist."

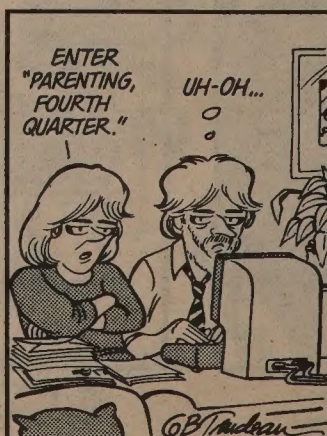
"That's right. Hey, do you remember the song 'Missionary Man' by Eurythmics? I heard that Annie Lennox was taking the discussions but she couldn't quit smoking so she wrote that song to help the missionaries."

"Yea, I heard that one too, Angel Goltra told me. Did you know Annie Lennox is her aunt?"

"That reminds me, I heard that...."

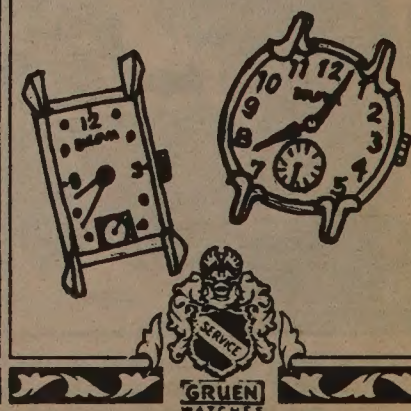
*Spencer is the ASBYU Ombudsman. Even he doesn't know what an "ombudsman" is, let alone how to pronounce it.*

Doonesbury



## VINTAGE WRISTWATCHES

'bout time  
377-8479





# Survey: Missions

This week's survey brought back nostalgic and painful memories to ex-missionaries. (And yes, the survey was conducted scientifically--participants came from the JSB, JKHB, MSRB, Cougareat, and my apartment at Riviera, a very thoughtful place.)

1) Do you feel your mission was "the best two (one and a half) years of your life?"

yes	60%
no	40%

2) What was the greatest cause of stress for you on your mission?

bad companion	38%
feelings of unworthiness	15%
low number of baptisms	7%
religious intolerance or persecution	7%
homesickness	2%
being away from girlfriend or boyfriend	0%
other	31%

3) Would you have gone on a mission had you known what you know now about mission life and post-mission adjustment?

yes	95%
no	0%
don't know	5%

Selected responses:

"I had a companion that slept naked, but he had over 400 missionary scriptures memorized."

"It bothered me a great deal when elders--especially Utahns--judged people raised in a different nation by American and/or Mormon criteria."

"It was about the hardest thing I ever did, but I learned things I could have never learned elsewhere."

"I've enjoyed life much more since my mission. I no longer have the same blind admiration I had for missionaries before. I have greater respect for those who served with all their diligence."

"I had a companion that *hated* gringos."

"Frankly, my mission wasn't as tough as everyone said it would be. I was prepared for it."

"Cognitive dissonance [as greatest source of stress]."

"Sometimes I felt there was too much emphasis on numbers and statistics rather than personal growth and development."

## Brushes with Fame

Rob Stoeckmann:

Has a friend who gave discussions to Lionel Richie;

Has a friend who made out with Tom Cruise;

Knows Whitney Houston's boyfriend;

Has a friend whose uncle trained the bear in Grizzly Adams;

Served Cybil Shephard in a restaurant in L.A.;

Dated a girl who worked for Wayne Rogers;

Has a ex-girlfriend whose mother went to school with Tom Selleck and Tony Dow;

Has a roommate whose father was an extra in a "Little Rascals" episode;

Has a friend who doubled with President Benson's grandson;

Has a friend who went bar-hopping with Don Johnson;

Has a roommate whose sister played ping pong with Neil Diamond;

Has a friend who did breakfast with Kenny Rogers;

Has a friend who played miniature golf at Trafalga just moments after Jimmy Osmond.

## Dream Diary

Ever wonder what your dreams *really* mean? Do you have recurring nightmares about roaches in the Cougareat? Rats in the Kimball Tower? Facial hair on Karl G. Maeser? Hindu missionaries knocking on your door? Now is your chance to let the deepest secrets lurking in your unconscious out of the closet. Get your id, ego, and superego in perfect balance without the embarrassment and cost of psychiatric visits. A noted BYU psychologist, in collaboration with *Student Review*, has agreed to render an invaluable service to the BYU community: yes, folks--genuine Freudian analyses of your dreams--absolutely free! So write them down and send them in--you may find your nights are wilder than you'd ever dreamed.

## Soft Contacts

Replacement or Back-up Lenses for Contact Lens Wearers

**\$19<sup>95</sup>** per lens

Featuring Hydrocurve daily or extended wear lenses. Bausch & Lomb daily or extended wear lenses - \$24<sup>95</sup> per lens. Other discount lenses: Wesley-Jessen, A. Hydron, Ciba, A.O., Cooper Vision, toric and colored lenses.

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## For Inquiring Minds

### NEW POLICY ON LENGTH OF MISSIONS?

There has been a report from certain sources at the Church Office Building that a new policy governing the length of missions is about to be released. These reports claim that this will be a "lottery policy" where cards will be drawn to see how long missionaries will be required to serve. Evidently, each missionary will receive a lottery card with his call. At the end of each month, a drawing will be held, the results of which will be published in the Church News. The missionaries need only to match their number to discover if they will serve for 18 months, 24 months, or some amount of time in between.

### NEW PROCEDURE TO CHECK SOCKS

With the discovery that there are a large number of male students who blatantly disregard the sock rule of the Dress and Grooming Code, it has been announced that a new policy, designed to monitor the wearing of

socks every day, will be implemented next semester. Starting next year, each male student will be required to meet with his bishop weekly and present seven pairs of dirty socks. Anyone failing in this will be dismissed from the University.

### CERTAIN CLASSES DESIGNED TO DESTROY TESTIMONY

It has been revealed by reliable sources that there are several classes being designed and offered with the sole aim of destroying faith. Evidently, these classes, which are offered by several departments and colleges and range from secular humanism and evolutionary biology to Freudian theories and communist doctrines, are virtually guaranteed to present such overwhelming intellectual evidence that students immediately renounce their testimonies and lean to their own understanding. A spokesman commented, "students cannot be trusted to see the truth of the gospel in light of such secularism." Some action will be taken immediately.

Do you feel left out? Are you yearning to belong to a truly *special* group of people? Your prayers have been answered: the Marie Osmond Fan Club continues to be a potent social force throughout the free world and Utah. Memberships take only one month to process, and just look at the veritable cornucopia of benefits:

- Membership card
- Monthly Newsletters
- Marie's marital advice
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Exclusive information on the latest achievements of little Steven  
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And more! more! MORE!

Just write Marie Osmond Fan Club, PO Box 6000, Provo, UT, 84603 and share fully in the joys of belonging. And, as a special bonus just for reading, we'll give you the Hotline number now--22-MARIE. For a small fee and a little time, you've got a friend on Osmond Lane.



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# The President and Foreign Policy

by Paul Edwards

As this year marks the bicentennial of the American Constitution it is curious to note that one of the initial struggles of the republic is today the most prominent struggle in the political arena. Following the euphoria of the Revolutionary War, the Continental Congress was faced with the difficult task of negotiating commercial treaties with European nations. A treaty with Great Britain was absolutely vital to the thirteen states, since a huge war debt was not only an economic, but a security issue. Congress chose John Adams to handle the tricky negotiations with Great Britain.

The challenge of reaching an equitable trade agreement with the mercantilist giant England was formidable for allies, let alone revolutionaries, but Adams realized, as did most statesmen, that the very success of independence hung in the balance.

Adams, however, had absolutely no bargaining power with the royal government. Although he was favorably received by the entire foreign policy bureaucracy, parliamentary leaders and even King George III himself, Adams was powerless to negotiate a treaty for the thirteen American states. London knew, as did all European governments and creditors that in foreign affairs, there was, in honesty, no single representative of the states. With thirteen competing interests the Continental Congress itself could not forge a coherent foreign policy to meet the exigencies of the 18th century world. Indeed, while Adams tried to negotiate for Congress, several states sent their own delegations to London.

This disarray in foreign policy was, arguably, one of the primary considerations which brought delegations from each state together in Philadelphia for the Convention of 1787. The solvency of American foreign policy which was worked out in the Constitution was the culmination of many years of theoretical work on the part of men like Adams, Hamilton and Madison. Rather than leave the individual states to manage foreign affairs, it was clear that the federal government should have the entire responsibility for foreign policy. Moreover, the House of

Representatives (with its then two score of members) was perceived as being too numerous and too variable to provide the necessary "decision, secrecy and dispatch" needed for foreign policy. The Senate was only given an advisory role. The theoretical conclusion of the convention was that the full forging of foreign policy, excepting the final ratification of treaties and the declaration of war, should be in the hands of the one officer of the government whose constituency represented the entire republic, the President. Although answerable in all domestic affairs, the President's position as Commander in Chief was not dependant on Congress.

The Congress, of course, has never been content with this arrangement, and there have been many attempts to limit the President's power. However, the record is overwhelmingly on the side of the Presidency acting unilaterally in foreign policy. From the ratification of the Constitution to 1970 there are nearly one hundred fifty documented cases of the President either sending troops into hostile situations, or transferring arms abroad without any congressional authorization. This sort of unilateral action in foreign affairs has even received the imprimatur of the Supreme Court, and stands as the guiding precedent for constitutional law in external affairs (see *United States v. Curtiss-Wright Corp.*).

Significantly curtailing the Presidency's role in foreign affairs is a relatively recent development in our constitutional arrangement. The War Powers Act of 1973, the Hughes-Ryan Amendment of 1974 and the Boland Amendments exemplify attempts to introduce Congress into the actual making of foreign policy, usually through the benign term "oversight." None of these "laws" have arisen as points of controversy in legal proceedings, and so they have received no judicial review, but if precedent were to prevail, it would not be unthinkable to see them overturned by the courts on grounds that they violate the constitutional separation of powers. In other words, as bungled as the Iran/Contra dealings of this administration may have been, they may have fallen under the legitimate authority of the executive branch--they may not have been unconstitutional.

Since the constitutional arrangement seems to be somewhat manageable these days the question we must ask ourselves is what sort of restrictions should be placed on the presidency's role in foreign policy? My friend Rob Eaton wrote in these pages that the Iran/Contra affair has seriously damaged the image of the United States abroad--especially among our allies, and that this is the time to make sure that the presidency is made accountable to Congress in its conduct of foreign affairs. However, my mind returns to even darker days, when John Adams struggled to vindicate our very independence in the courts of Europe while his efforts were being undermined by thirteen different voices. If the presidency must receive the blessing of 535 foreign policy makers in Congress before proceeding, then so be it. Perhaps the faction ridden chambers of the U.S. Congress are more adept at managing the "decision, secrecy and dispatch" of a nuclear-laden foreign policy. Besides, all that we really stand to lose is 200 years of constitutional law and our position as a world leader.

The President is the one official in the government who is elected by all the people, and as such has been given "plenary and exclusive power... as the sole organ of the federal government in the field of international relations--a power which does not require as a basis for its exercise an act of Congress." (*Curtiss-Wright Export Co.*) Before we let the ambitions of Stephen Solarz and Sam Nunn trample that time honored power we should carefully consider the reasons why it was given in the first place, and its historical importance in world affairs and national security.

*Paul thinks the Constitution was actually written by Shakespeare.*

*Editor's note:  
Letters and articles  
are always welcome.  
We publish some of them.  
P.O. Box 7092*

## Utah and Education

by Chris Hill

Governor Bangerter has asked the State Legislature for \$200 million to meet the revenue shortfall facing Utah this fiscal year. Much of the tax increase will be used to meet the growing needs of an education system that must absorb 10,000 new students in 1987 alone. In a state that ranks dead last on some of the most important indicators of educational quality, decisions involving the funding of education are crucial to Utah's future.

Unfortunately, considering the rapid student population increases, discussions about the budget for education do not include keeping the status-quo: the budget is increased or it is cut. Sadly, budget cuts in education will become a reality if Utahns do not realize that quality education costs money, and they way that money is collected is through taxes.

The only way Utah citizens should be satisfied by not increasing the education budget is if they plan on supporting their children forever. In a world economy that is becoming ultra-competitive, there is no room for those who have not received the best possible education. Regardless of the career they choose, tomorrow's citizens must be better educated in order to deal with the high-tech nature of an evolving society. Unskilled labor has been moved to the lesser-developed nations, and the only way Utah's children can hope to find jobs is if they are able to grasp the complexities of a high-tech world.

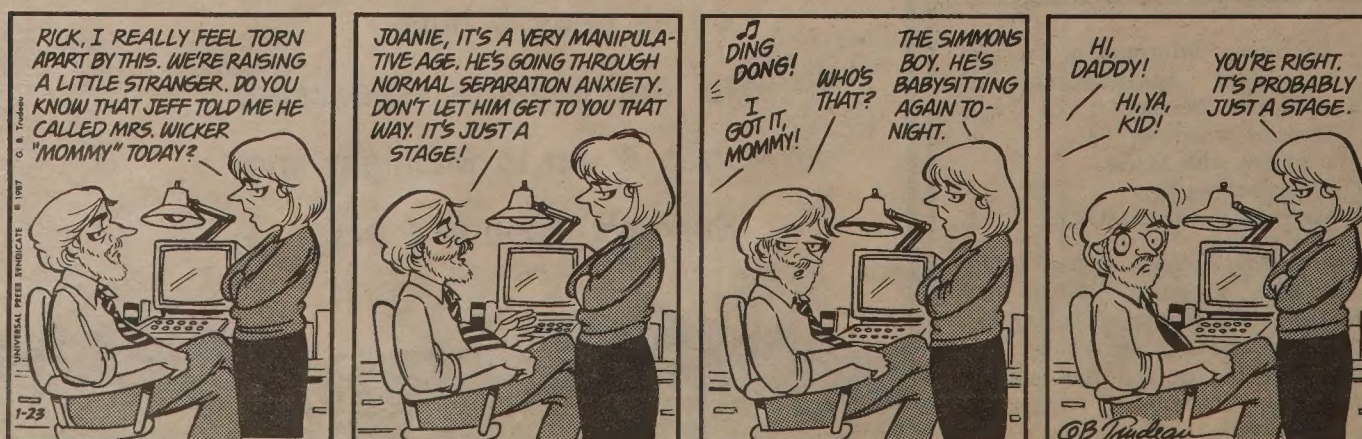
Many say that tax increases are too difficult in a state that is already highly taxed. Tax increases take money away from consumption, and the reduction in hard cash is easily measured. This is not the case with reductions in education budgets. Many parents seem to feel that as long as their children come home from school having eaten a good lunch and can say "what they learned at school today" during the commercial break on television, then the children have received a "good education."

Schools play a vital role in society. Today's parents have placed on the school system the responsibility for driver education, sex education, and recently, AIDS education, as well as the traditional challenge to prepare students to enter the adult world. Educators are cannot meet these responsibilities without adequate funding.

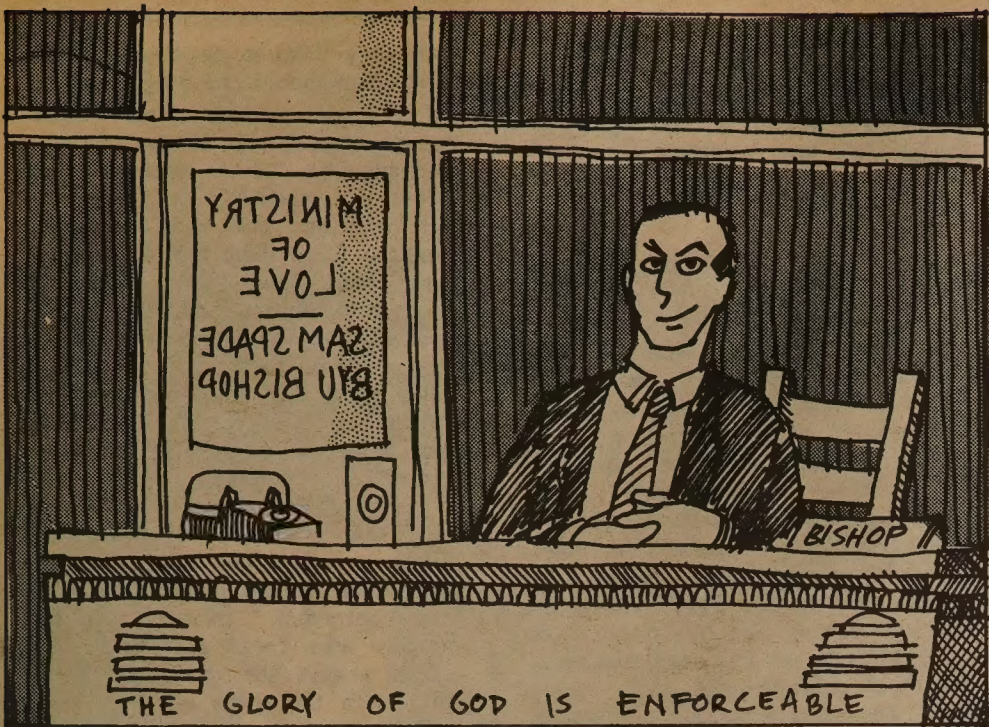
I am not calling for a renovation of the present education system; however, I am calling for a more long-term, responsible look at the education of tomorrow's leaders. Utah's adult population will not have to worry about the future of Social Security or Medicare if its youth are not educated: there will not be anyone able to pay for them.

*Chris Hill is an official legislature-watcher.*

Doonesbury







# A Matter of Trust

by Mike Bothwell

Recently, a very innovative police department in Denver came up with a unique method of capturing wanted criminals. They sent out about 2,000 letters to suspected criminals telling them that they had won two free tickets to the Super-bowl. To legitimize the letter they used "the Rocky Mountain Sports Federation" as their name. The letter stated that the recipients had been selected at random and they were invited to a party for a new sports magazine. There was a phone number for further information and, when called, two female police officers told them to attend to "a big promotional party" later that week at a downtown hall to claim their tickets.

When the suspects showed up at the hall they found undercover police officers dressed in tuxedos and fancy dresses. They were escorted upstairs to participate, they were told, in a drawing for further prizes which included free airfare to Pasadena. The officers in tuxedos did indeed escort them upstairs: not to a drawing, however, but rather to jail. There was no violence--even though some were carrying weapons--and the police were able to arrest sixty-five alleged felons.

I applaud the apprehension of criminals by innovative and bloodless means. I was both impressed and entertained by their method. However, it seems a bit inappropriate for the police to willfully mislead U.S. citizens. This is especially important when we understand that those targeted were simply suspects. This type of action borders on entrapment and further reduces the base of trust that holds our society together. Condoning this type of action could send our society down the slippery slope toward self-destruction.

Dr. M. Fortes, a well-known social anthropologist wrote that:

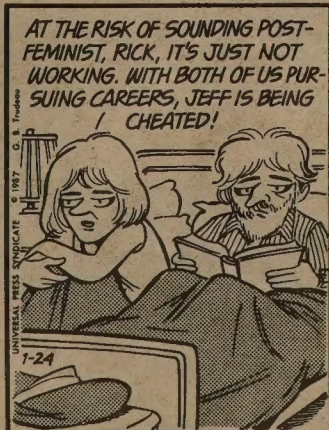
"[Our] rights, duties, privileges, and claims must be maintained on the basis of mutual trust... The purpose of society is to maintain a fiduciary basis for life within the system."

In other words, the only way any society can function is on a basis of mutual trust. Social anthropologists generally agree that in our complex society the only way for society to maintain a fiduciary basis is to maintain a certain level of trust in the government. In fact, we create laws to insure fairness and trustworthiness because we are a society of strangers. We are unable to trust people we don't know and aren't related to, so we establish government to prosecute those who cheat and deal unfairly. The President himself is elected to personify the trustworthiness that we feel society needs.

Therefore, to a society which must look to government to maintain a fiducial base, this police action is unacceptable. In essence, we have to be able to trust our elected and appointed government officials or our society will crumble. One great example of this was Watergate. The events surrounding the break-in at Democratic Headquarters created a lack of trust in the President and shook the very foundations of our society.

I would suggest that in a system such as ours which is forced to deal with untrustworthy citizens, where the crime rate is ever increasing, indeed where your shoes can be stolen from your front porch, we must maintain something in which we can trust. We must discourage our police from such acts of misrepresentation. The next time you get a letter for something free in the mail, you will probably be more suspicious; so will I.

Doonesbury



## Changing Perspectives

# On Being an RM

by Greg J. Matis

My first year at BYU the label "RM" was anathema. My freshmen friends and I thought the balding, briefcase bunch took themselves and everything else far too seriously.

They were a weird lot. Your average RM was obviously in hot pursuit of his eternal companion, and spent the rest of his time in the library doing inordinate amounts of homework. Another distinguishing characteristic was the often bizarre mission remnants--ponchos, llama fur scripture covers, lederhosen, and of course those famous mailman shoes--that he'd proudly carry about, as if to advertise that here in Provo he was but a stranger in a strange land. For emphasis an occasional foreign word would accidentally slip his lips, or he'd speak with a slight accent mixing up his word order.

In priesthood meeting the RM's would unfailingly find ways to connect the lesson to some mission experience. In fact, *everything* was related to the mission field. "The Mission" was the ultimate analogy; it was the best two years; it was a microcosm of life; why, it was better than taking a brand new briefcase with a llama fur cover to the library.

Now don't misunderstand. I always wanted to go on a mission, and as my freshman year progressed I became more and more excited about the prospect of fulfilling that dream. It's just that I never fully made the mental connection between going on a mission and eventually being an RM. In my judgmental naivete I had supposed I could serve a mission and yet somehow never become a returned missionary.

Well, I was wrong. I went to Germany, I loved my mission, and I'm back. Things are a lot different. . . I have a briefcase.

One stormy day last semester I walked into a class in my long German raincoat and was rather sincerely told by a younger student to "get a coat!" I realized I had

come full circle: from mocker to mocked in such a very short time.

One thing hasn't changed: I remain hesitant to relate important mission experiences. I vowed long before ever leaving to be very slow on the draw when I returned. Experience proved the commitment wise. Without such caution, too many anecdotes, stories, and other assorted remembrances fall on uninterested or unappreciative ears; and personally significant experiences can seem more like travelogues if the right connection between the teller and the told isn't there.

To be sure, my hesitance isn't a result of having nothing I want to share. I loved my mission; it remains one of the most important experiences I've ever had, and is a continuing source of strength. But it was my experience, and those who want to understand it must try to understand me. I remain anxious and willing to try to share that part of my life with those whom it would mean something to.

Since returning I've realized another thing: there are probably but a few who will ever understand what my mission was really all about. And that's okay.

Meanwhile, a final word about missions. It seems popular in some circles to dwell on the negative, to be like the freshman me with my young friends in judging and criticizing without seeking to understand. Far too many of these types are RM's. Ironically, tolerance and empathy are qualities which missions should have taught well. My mission has broadened my perspective forever.

I'm reminded of an experience I once had while serving in Bielefeld... well, ask me about it some time. You'll find me in the library.

Greg served in Hamburg, Germany. He was a senior companion.



# P.O. Box 7092

Dear Editor:

My thanks to all involved for producing a thought-provoking, action-inspiring, and laugh-inducing chronicle in a relatively restricted environment. *Student Review* is downright refreshing.

However, lest anyone think that the world outside Happy Valley adheres to the same political, human values perspective reflected in a recent *SR* editorial (Vol. 1, Issue 12), I submit that I consider myself a conservative and, yet, share the same hopes for social justice expressed in Roger A. Leishman's editorial, "Why I Am A Liberal." In fact, one can substitute the word "conservative" for "liberal" in the whole text, and accurately describe my position.

I submit that the difference lies not in how we feel about the needs of our fellow men, but how we propose to meet those needs, our "program" for the "cure." Leishman's essay could lead one to believe that since "liberal" and "conservative" tend to have opposing political philosophies, the humane feelings and perspectives of one cannot be held by the other. This is faulty logic and can create dangerous dissention, dissention not in keeping with Christian attributes. "Conservative" legislative bodies have provided "united, systematic . . . charity," at . . . the sacrifice of resources and even some independence." Leishman's editorial tends to imply otherwise.

However, having worked with a number of organizations purporting to provide help and service to the needy, I submit that those most effective have been the ones geared to steadily pulling the problem out at the roots, at the same time nurturing healthier growth. This nearly always demands one-on-one devotion. The effectiveness of many legislated aid programs which filter money from the top down pales appallingly in comparison with individual initiative programs such as The Foundation For Indian Development in Guatemala, where remarkable things are done on a pittance. Massive, million-dollar legislated programs often tend to salve our conscience, blurring the individual needs surrounding us daily, needs best met with grass-roots individual initiative efforts. I have seen many such needy projects successfully tackled in my own community of under twenty thousand, organized, staffed, and financed by local conservative and liberal volunteers alike. The question is not whether we are liberals or conservatives, but whether we are truly charitable.

As evidence my conservative perspective on charity isn't all lip-service, enclosed is a check for a year's subscription to *SR* plus a small remuneration toward keeping *SR* solvent. I love you all, the known and the unknown.

Nina M. Ownby

Dear Editor,

I look forward to each new issue of the *Review*. I would like to suggest, however, that you more carefully screen all first time contributions in order to maintain the quality of your publication. I am speaking of the article "Sorry, Dude," by Chris Behan that was published in your last edition.

How does someone who doesn't even ride a board feel that he is such an authority on the sport? His article was so full of hatred, propaganda, and blatant lies that you really should have left it out.

It is hardly fair or responsible journalism to refer collectively to participants in any sport as "incompetent fools" and "idiots who have nothing better to do with their time," or to say "they rudely continue their activity at the expense of others." Are these statements made merely because this activity doesn't appeal to the tastes of a particular individual? If so, is that (or anything else) cause enough to advocate physical violence against anyone who happens to be participating in this activity while in your vicinity? And who is next: bicyclists or joggers?

I know that there are a few ignorant skaters around, but let's not declare war on all due to the actions of a few.

"Sorry, dude," but I'm not going to pack up my board and move so that you can live in your own peaceful, happy valley. There is room here for all of us.

P.S. As for dances and dates, yes skaters do engage in these activities, but you can never tell because they usually leave their boards at home on these rare occasions.

Kevin Klundt

## Editor's Choice

Oriental missions.

Play of the week: Melville's *God in Shakespeare's Measure for Measure*.

Worst feeling: filling out law school applications.

Best feeling: sending off all the law school applications.

It's not too late to drop all your classes. You can always add a bunch of P.E. classes second block.

## Declassifieds

SWF: Didn't you get my personal last semester? Call me.

Samuel Hall Society: weekly business meeting Monday nights, 7:30 at Pie Pizzeria. All Brickers welcome. Dues \$40.

To place a classified ad, call 377-2980.

The following letter, apparently addressed to the nether regions, was mistakenly placed in the *Student Review* P.O. Box following the recent "continuing ecclesiastical endorsement" announcement.

My dear Wormwood,

I sense the enthusiasm of my previous correspondence may have come as some surprise to you. It is true that humans (in particular, those in residence at that accursed university) exude embarrassing quantities of self-satisfaction whenever they accomplish some pyrrhic victory over Our Father Below, but do not be distracted by the emotion of the moment. It is after all your job and your mission to encourage such feelings.

Zealous dedication to what humans call "law and order" may appear on the surface to be contrary to our purposes, but only if one forgets that the law and order preached by our ministers and the law and order spoken of by the Enemy are not synonymous. The former involves subjugation--which always works--while the latter relies on some silly concept of "charity"--which is rarely effective. And your patients, bless their souls, would rather be effective than charitable. It is their one true weakness, and you must capitalize on it.

You see, forcing humans to be righteous is almost as productive as

persuading them to do wrong. That is why you should encourage them to invent more rules and more "commandments" (as if ten weren't good enough). Tempt them with the visions of tranquility and obeisance that only our law and order can promise. Show them how to circumscribe their lives with a gospel utterly of their own making. In time they will be so enamored with the fine, upright, business-like look we will have molded for them that they will be convinced that their laws are comparable, if not superior, to those created by the Enemy.

Notice, for example, how easily the Enemy's concept of "covenant" has been turned into the man-made concept of "contract" (and how I do love contracts!). Notice that the humans who forge such pacts are almost always the ones who break faith with the spirit of those same agreements.

Do you see how subtly the process works? Convince a human of the need to regulate and prescribe every facet of his life, tempt him to break one of the piddling edicts of his own (not the Enemy's) making, and you will have destroyed his "Christianity," reduced it in his eyes to a mockery. The path to sin is thus laid, and your patients' brothers "in the faith" will very soon be drafted as your most effective soldiers.

Your affectionate uncle,  
Screwtape

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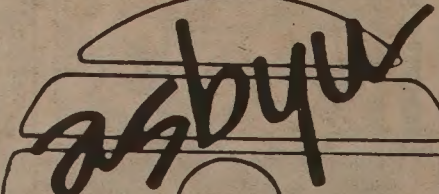
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# arts & entertainment

## Dance Review

### Romeo and Juliet & West Side Story

by Melissa Ownby

Last Friday I went with my roommates to the HFAC for a cultural experience. We hadn't been to a ballet for quite a while and it sounded fun, so we took in the BYU Theatre Ballet production of *West Side Story* and *Romeo and Juliet*. We had plenty of time to talk about our childhood ballet lessons and long-forgotten dreams of "ballerinahood," as we waited nearly half an hour for the inevitable BYU latecomers to straggle in. Only when all seats were filled did the show begin.

The *West Side Story* portion was only a suite, using the "Symphonic Dances" score--condensed from Leonard Bernstein's famous musical. A pit orchestra supplied this music, and I was a little disappointed when the *Romeo and Juliet* part was danced to prerecorded music.

As with most ballet performances, it was helpful to be familiar with the story. In the short, skeletal plot presented in *West Side Story*, the characters couldn't be fully developed nor were all their relationships clearly defined. (For example, the significance of Bernardo killing Tony's best friend and the fact that Bernardo was Maria's brother, not just another Puerto Rican, were points lost on my uninformed roommate who had never seen *West Side Story* before.)

The choreography seemed to have a lot of repetitive moves and the dancers were not always in step with one another. There was obviously a variety of dancing skill levels represented on the stage. Tony (Mark Lanham) and Maria (Heather Pabst Sanders) were the most skillful and, perhaps more importantly, the most experienced dancers. Some of the others gave me the impression that this was either just a warm-up exercise or just not as well rehearsed as it could have been.



I must admit the set was very effective and really looked like a inner-city street, and the costuming was excellent in contrasting the opposing sides. I was amazed how much of the power and feeling of Bernstein's musical that the dancers were able to convey in such a short time.

*Romeo and Juliet* was by far the better of the two performances. Lanham and Sanders again played the

lead roles and each did a very fine job. The choreography by Charles Bennett was wonderful and I thoroughly enjoyed the entire performance. All of the larger dances were much more together than in *West Side Story*. The balcony scene was beautiful, although I could have done without the galaxy of stars projected on the backdrop. The final scene in the burial chamber was very well done--I am always amazed in ballet how much can be communicated with no words at all.

Juliet's nurse (Linda Rogers) was probably the most interesting of the minor characters. Her costume made her look plump, and her large white hat echoed her round figure. She was inconsistent, like many grown-ups, when she scolded Juliet for playing and dreaming with her dress before the ball and then turned around and fancied herself dancing in that little wisp of a dress. The nurse was both easily angered and easily flattered which enhanced the scene when she delivered Juliet's message to Romeo.

I had never seen BYU Theatre Ballet before last Friday, and I was pleasantly surprised. I'll be looking forward to their next performance.

*Melissa is planning on a mission together with her significant other, but not for a few years.*

## Movie Review

### The Mission

by Paul Edwards

Modern media has proven itself almost entirely inept at dealing carefully and authentically with religious conviction, so I welcome the refreshment of a film that treats religious and moral belief with the sensitivity and seriousness which it deserves. The same team which gave us *The Killing Fields*, producer David Puttnam and director Roland Joffé, have given us such a film with *The Mission*.

Jeremy Irons portrays a driven, incorruptible, but mild Jesuit Father intent on establishing a mission among the Guarni Indians in the recesses of the South American jungle. To tell how his life becomes inextricably bound with the life of slave trader Rodrigo (Robert DeNiro) would reveal too much of the plot. Nevertheless, it is a tale of redemption and friendship, told with powerful symbols.

In its broadest and driest scope, *The Mission* examines the fate of eighteenth century Jesuit missions among the Indians of South America as they become the prey of slave-trading Portugal. In its most contemporary and controversial frame, *The Mission* is about the role of the Roman Catholic Church and liberation theology in modern-day Latin America. In its most personal and powerful effect, *The Mission* is about redemption, love, conviction and choice.

Indeed, *The Mission* stunningly tells its several intricate stories with a paucity of words. It uses strong images and visual richness to propel its story. What dialogue does occur is muted. The masterful cinematography of Chris Menges that makes this effort possible is rivaled only by the highly original, and elegantly primitive music of Ennio Morricone.

*The Mission* raises serious questions about obedience to God, to vows, to conscience and to religious authority, but leaves them tragically unresolved. For all its beauty, sweep and depth, *The Mission* is a film that I could only bear to see once because it is so wrenchingly tragic. A second viewing, like my analysis, could only diminish the emotive puissance of this first rate artistic achievement.

*The Mission* is currently playing at the Fox Theatre, 233 W. 1230 N., Tel. 374-5525.

*Paul served a mission on the French Riviera. Really.*

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# Music and the Missionary

by Michelle Holt

"Music and the missionary"--no, not the sequel to "Worthy Thoughts, Worthy Music"; rather, *Student Review* offers here an unscientific analysis of missionaries and music before, during, and after a mission.

Although there are an infinite number of variations of missionaries and their tastes, for the sake of simplicity this musical complexity will be reduced to five basic types.

## TYPE I

**Pre-mission:** Hard rock was the only true music--everything else was just noise.

**Mission:** Two basic varieties. Sub group A lived in a vacuum where there was a famine of real music for two years. Sub group B did not let the fact that they were on a mission interfere with their previous listening habits.

**Post-mission:** Very soon after returning (usually at some point in time after the first real home-cooked meal, but before the first speaking engagement at church or a fireside), the old records and tapes were being played again and all was right with the world.

## TYPE II

**Pre-mission:** Listened to a standard fare of Top 40.

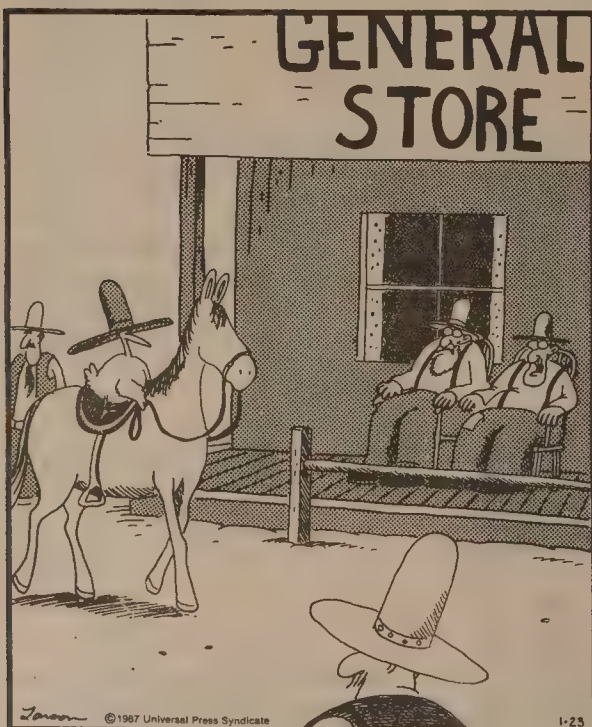
**Mission:** Decided that the only way to maintain a spiritual high was to listen exclusively to classical music.

**Post-mission:** Never quite able to listen to anything more contemporary than the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

## TYPE III

**Pre-mission:** Listened to a variety of music, with Top 40 being the preferred format.

## THE FAR SIDE



"Somethin's up, Jed. ... That's Ben Potter's horse, all right, but ain't that Henry Morgan's chicken ridin' him?"

**Mission:** Discovered the wonderful world of Contemporary LDS music.

**Post-mission:** Anxiously anticipated each Sabbath and the opportunity to record and absorb the "Sounds of Sunday."

## TYPE IV

**Pre-mission:** Listened to whatever was generally socially acceptable to their current peer group.

**Mission:** Listened to whatever their companion listened to.

**Post-mission:** Gradually adjusted to whatever was popular with the new peer group.

## TYPE V

**Pre-mission:** Similar to Types II, III, and IV, except that these youth of Zion never realized before that cultures different from home had different music also.

**Mission:** Stayed within the boundaries of acceptable music but gradually developed a fascination with the music popular to the region. (This phenomenon is of course more common with foreign rather than domestic missions, although missionaries in the South and the ghetto develop a fondness for bluegrass and "rap," respectively.)

**Post-mission:** These RM's are notorious for waking roommates with the strains of Tibetan rhythm explorations, Korean market music, or Portuguese folk songs.

This list is by no means complete but rather is an attempt to categorize some of the unique behaviors of missionaries preparing to go or ones working on coming home. The phenomenon of musical PMS is still so mysterious that it merits continued work and patience in trying to bridge the gap between mission and non-mission status.

# Missions in Literature

by Chris Cobb

With skeletons like the Post Mission Syndrome being dragged out of Mormondom's closets, LDS society is showing itself as one of the few remaining communities to retain one of literature's foremost devices: the rite of passage. Formalized for Latter day Saints in the mission experience and post mission adjustment, the Mormon rite of passage stirs up some fundamental issues as the returned missionary attempts to reconcile his or her heightened spiritual sense with an often opposing, and hence equally heightened, mundane and temporal lifestyle.

Curiously, Mormon writings are largely silent on the issue, as if, as some RM's insist, there is no real post mission transition. Well enough for them, for some may be blessed to smoothly glide back into every-day life just as others may be, to cite Joseph Conrad, "too much of a fool to go wrong--too dull even to know [they] are being assaulted by the powers of darkness."

Probably the best example to date of a Mormon author dealing with this potentially rich literary issue is Douglas Thayer's *Elder Thatcher* from his collection of short stories, *Under the Cottonwoods*. The story revolves around freshly returned Elder Thatcher's homecoming speech. Wanting to deliver to an expectant ward wonderful and uplifting stories of his mission, he finds himself remembering the other side of mission life, full of rebellious missionaries, companions he hated, apathetic people he found hard to like, and intense homesickness.

Thayer does not take us much further on the road of Post Mission Syndrome, but he lays an honest foundation. Bela Petsco attempts the same in *Nothing Very Important, and Other Stories*, although he is even less explicit than Thayer in de-

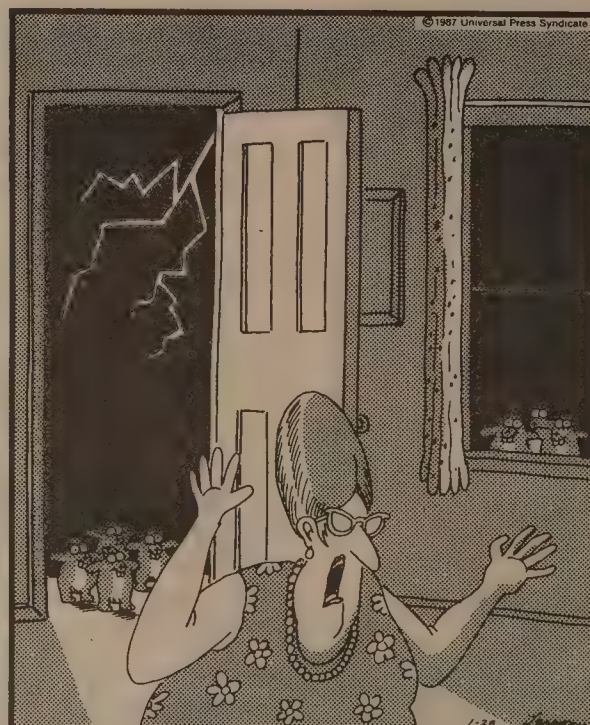
scribing the transition period itself. These examples, as well as the examples thousands of RM's can relate, do more than just suggest the intensity the Post Mission transition may have for some; they insist on its reality, thus positioning the Mormon mission experience as counterpart to the formal rites of passage undergone in other cultures, be it the bar mitzvah, marriage, or military service.

Imagined or real, intense or mild, the issue is being discussed in LDS circles. Inevitably the topic will trickle into the Mormon fiction section of local bookstores. Whether it will be presented honestly and openly, casting light into the depths that have been until now too dark to comfortably illuminate; or whether the subject will be cheerfully softpedaled a la Jack Weyland remains to be seen. Chances are there will be a lot of both, but whatever the case, the prospects are in the Latter-day Saints' favor; for Mormon issues, both historic and modern, deal with truths that deserve an honest and careful treatment.

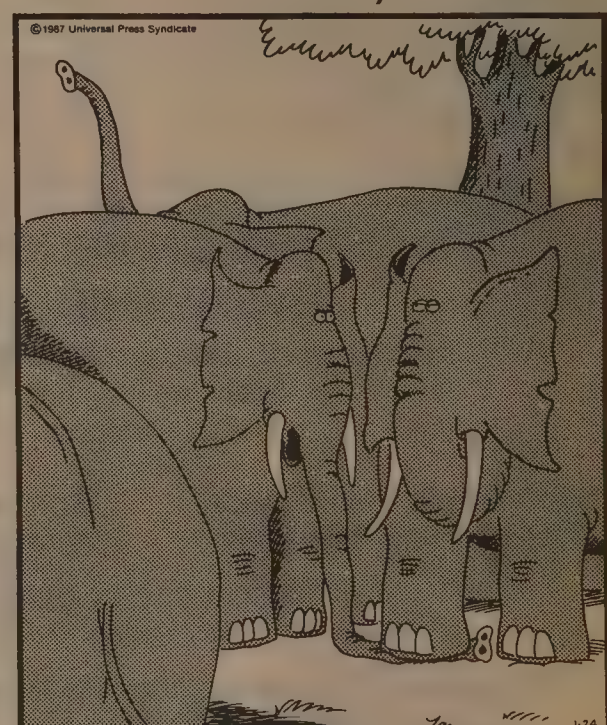
We have much to contribute to an imperfect world and often, whether we like it or not, what we teach may stem from our own imperfections. Yet imperfect or not, truth is truth is truth, and if we as Mormons feel as comfortable with our truths as we often profess, we will be less inclined to be ashamed of sharing with the community and the world the often painful ways we came upon the valuable things we believe. For my money, the uniquely Mormon rite of passage known as the Post Mission Syndrome is the perfect place to start.

Chris is planning on publishing his eight volume mission journal. Soon.

By GARY LARSON



Night of the Living Dead Chipmunks



"Two questions, Mitch: How much do you weigh, and what's the most sensitive part of any elephant's anatomy?"



# Collusion: Offensive Rebounds

by Joe Wegescheide

He was so smug. It's a specialty of his.

It was "Surprise" week on NBC's *NFL Today* show, and Bob Costas' guest was Marvin Miller (an Olympic Gold Medalist in the 800 meter smug).

For those of you who can't place the name, Miller was one of the principals in the early days of baseball's free-agent era. He was the chief negotiator of the Player's Union as they (the players) threw off the shackles of wage-slavery.

The subject was collusion. Miller played his usual role. He was as always the champion of that much-abused minority--the underprivileged millionaire baseball players of America.

I mention all of this because, in spite of his smugness, Marvin Miller was wrong. He shares in a common misunderstanding, but Miller was wrong, and it is important to understand why he was wrong.

As the pre-game show neared its close, Miller smugged to the camera and said, essentially, that the unwillingness of the owners to shell-out for these big-name free-agents means that baseball's owners no longer cared about winning.

WRONG.

(One of life's truly great thrills comes from telling someone who is oh-so-smug that he is wrong. Let's do it again. Marvin, this one's for you.)

WRONG.

Moss Klein in a recent article for *The Sporting News* was wrong, too. He made the same mistake that Miller made.

You have to understand that as far as these guys are concerned, it is a very cut-and-dried affair. The Minnesota Twins have the worst pitching in baseball. Free-agent Jack Morris is one of baseball's best pitchers. When Jack Morris offers his services to the Twins, and the Twins turn him down, it can only mean that the Twins are not trying to win.

For sportswriters, being wrong is a way of life. They are recruited for their shortness of memory and shallowness of mind. When you need an intelligent opinion on anything, the last person you should turn to is a sportswriter. It is not surprising that the sportswriters are wrong. It is unfortunate when the fans in Minnesota (and the rest of the world) believe them.

This may be hard for Minnesota fans to swallow, but the best money that owner Carl Pohland never spent was the money that he didn't give to

Jack Morris. You see, after more than a decade of financial insanity, the owners finally have a chance to regain control of their game. They have a chance to destroy the greatest threat that baseball has ever faced. They have a chance to wipe out free-agency.

It has been a very expensive lesson, but the owners have learned two things about free-agency.

1.) The only thing guaranteed in a guaranteed contract is the money--never the performance. The litany of big-money wash-outs reads like a Wall Street Journal nightmare. Owners like Gene Autry in California and Ted Turner in Atlanta have spent uncounted millions trying to buy champions. High-profile stars like Bobby Grich, Wayne Garland, Al Hrabosky, Bruce Sutter, and Ed Whitson have all been touted as saviors from heaven. All have been paid big money (guaranteed, of course); all have bitterly disappointed the fans, the owners, and probably themselves. All four of baseball's 1986 division winners were built the old-fashioned way--through trades and the farm system. Today, in the eyes of the owners, nothing is more unreliable than a big-money free-agent.

see Sports on back page

## Top Twenty

(for recently returned missionaries)

1. Seeing family
2. Having to do nothing
3. A car with unlimited miles
4. Mom's home cooking
5. Temple attendance
6. No more mission politics
7. No more pressure to baptize
8. Hot showers
9. Being without a companion
10. Crest in a pump
11. Freedom from mission rules
12. Airplanes
13. Dating
14. New clothes
15. New hairstyle
16. Continued gospel study
17. Quarter-pounder with cheese
18. Mission reunions
19. Compact discs
20. Sleep

## Bottom Ten

(in random order)

Old girlfriends with husbands, the pressure for marriage, having nothing to do, Swedish knit, the question "How was your mission?", a holier-than-thou attitude, being without a companion, forward thrust, over-friendly mothers with marriageable daughters, feeling guilty for everything.

Name: John Elkins Age: 22 (that's right, 22) Profession: Owner, Plastique, 32 West Center Street, Provo. Part of Provo Town Square.

"Almost every night is full. Some nights we've had to turn away several hundred people . . . we just can't find enough room. Don't get me wrong, it's a big place. It's just that everyone who wants to dance here can't always make it in before we're at capacity. People are finding out there's finally something to stick around for at night in Provo.

"It didn't take a genius to see that BYU students needed an alternative. It was time for another night spot . . . something new and really exciting.

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"When Plastique was opened three months ago, we decided to make it the cutting edge of clubs. We brought in the latest technology. Imported the largest light show and the best sound system from Europe. You won't find another combination like this anywhere else in the state.

"I did a lot of surveys and market research before opening Plastique. I found that BYU students wanted a new place to go . . . but not just anyplace. It had to be close enough for a short drive, but far enough to be a big change from campus.

And it had to be good.

"Provo Town Square fits my market research perfectly. It's close to campus, but it's a different world. . . Great shops . . . excellent restaurants . . . and Plastique make the best break from school. Provo Town Square is going to be to BYU what Westwood is to UCLA. It's already starting to happen.

"My philosophy is once you have a dream, never give up. There will be a lot of reasons to stop, but don't. It was tough getting started, but the feeling we get when we see people enjoying themselves has made all the struggles worth it."

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## Film

Film Society -214 & 250 Crabtree Bldg.

The Mouse That Roared -January 30 & 31.  
I Confess -February 6 & 7.  
Nevada Smith -February 6 & 7.

International Cinema -250 SWKT

Bizarre Bizarre (French) -January 28, 29, 30 & 31.  
Electra (Greek) -January 28, 29, 30 & 31.  
The Blue Angel (German) -January 28, 29, 30 & 31.  
Ballad of a Soldier (Russian) -January 28, 29, 30 & 31.  
Teresa Venerdì (Italian) -February 4, 5, & 6.  
Year of the Quiet Sun (Polish) -February 4, 5, 6, 7.  
Black Orpheus (Portuguese) -February 4, 5, 6, & 7.  
The Bicycle Thief (Italian) -February 4, 5, & 7.

Varsity I & II

Top Gun -Varsity I January 23, 24, 26 - 29.  
Big Trouble in Little China -Varsity I January 30, 31, February 2-5.  
Dragonslayer -Varsity II January 30, 31, February 2.  
Out of Africa -Varsity I February 6-12.  
The Promise -Varsity II February 6-9.

Blue Mouse -260 East 100 South SLC 364-3471

Funny Dirty Little War -January 28-February 1.  
Private Practices -February 4-8

## Performance

Utah Symphony Sarah Bullen, harp Playing Ginastera-Symphony Hall January 30 & 31.

Utah Symphony Youth Series "Around the World"-Symphony Hall January 31.

Utah Symphony Anthony Di Bonaventura, piano Playing Mozart, Beethoven, & Shostakovich -Symphony Hall 533-6407 February 6 & 7.

Hayden Trio from Vienna -Snowbird Cottonwood Conference Center February 6.

\*Glacy Antunes de Oliveir, piano & Norton Morozowicz, flute -Temple Square Assembly Hall January 30.

\*Diana Walker, soprano & Jedd Moss, piano -Temple Square Assembly Hall January 31.

\*Univ. of Utah A Cappella Choir "Showcase Concert"-Temple Square Assembly Hall February 6.

\*BYU Concert Choir & BYU Singers -Temple Square Assembly Hall February 7.

BYU Wind Symphony -de Jong Concert Hall February 5.

BYU Philharmonic Orchestra -de Jong Concert Hall February 6.

\*Tunes at Noon- Memorial Lounge January 28, February 4 & 11.

\*Concerts Impromptu -Memorial Lounge, ELWC February 6.

\*Student Recital- Jane Sylvester, bassoon -Madsen Recital Hall January 29.

\*Student Recital- Robert Nakea, piano -Madsen Recital Hall January 29.

\*Student Recital- Shauna Hansen, composition -Madsen Recital Hall January 30.

\*Student Recital- Toshiko Fukazawa, piano -Madsen Recital Hall January 30.

\*Student Recital-Jacqueline B. Child, piano -Madsen Recital Hall January 31.

\*Student Recital- Christine Parker, flute -Madsen Recital Hall February 4.

\*Guest Recital- flute & piano -Madsen Recital Hall February 5.

\*Student Recital- Kristina Lee Bement -Madsen Recital Hall February 6.

\*String and Orchestra Festival -de Jong Concert Hall February 7.

Young Ambassadors -de Jong Concert Hall January 30 & 31.

Choral Festival -Provo Tabernacle \$2 stud. & \$3 Gen. Pub. January 30.

\*Dan Francisco (Christian Music) -Provo High School February 2.

Iron Maiden -Salt Palace February 8.

3rd. Annual Cowboy Poetry Competition -Elko, Nevada January 29-31

### Performance

\*Student Recital- Jane Sylvester, bassoon -Madsen Recital Hall 6:00 p.m.

\*Student Recital- Robert Nakea, piano -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.

3rd. Annual Cowboy Poetry Competition -Elko, Nevada

### Theater

\*Together Again For the First Time -special pre competition open rehearsal-Nelke Experimental Theatre 2:00 p.m.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat-Promised Valley Playhouse, SLC 364-5656

### Sports

BYU Basketball at Air Force (live) -KBYU-TV ch11 7:30 p.m.

NBA Basketball Utah Jazz vs Portland -Salt Palace 521-6060 7:30 p.m.

## Friday, January 30, 1987

### Film

Funny Dirty Little War -Blue Mouse, SLC 5:15, 7:00 & 8:30 p.m.

Big Trouble in Little China -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Dragonslayer -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

The Mouse that Roared-Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00 & 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/oID.

Ballad of a Soldier (Russian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 p.m.

Bizarre Bizarre (French) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45 & 10:15 p.m.

The Blue Angel (German) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:30 p.m.

Elektra (Greek) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 8:15

### Performance

Young Ambassadors -de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

Choral Festival -Provo Tabernacle \$2 stud. & \$3 Gen. Pub. 7:30 p.m.

\*Student Recital- Shauna Hansen, composition -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.

\*Student Recital- Toshiko Fukazawa, piano -Madsen Recital Hall 9:00p.m.

Utah Symphony Sarah Bullen, harp Playing Ginastera-Symphony Hall 8:00 p.m.

\*Glacy Antunes de Oliveir, piano & Norton Morozowicz, flute -Temple Square Assembly Hall 7:30 p.m.

3rd. Annual Cowboy Poetry Competition -Elko, Nevada

### Theater

The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 8:00 p.m.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat-Promised Valley Playhouse, SLC 364-5656

The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

### Sports

BYU Basketball at Air Force.

Hockey Golden Eagles vs Milwaukee -Salt Palace 7:30 p.m.

## Saturday, January 31, 1987

### Film

Funny Dirty Little War -Blue Mouse, SLC 5:15, 7:00 & 8:30 p.m.

Big Trouble in Little China -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

## Exhibits-Provo

Brian J. Kershnik, recent works -Wilkinson Gallery, ELWC January 19-31.

BYU Studio Faculty -B. F. Larsen Gallery HFAC 378-2881.

"Americans at Work" -Gallery 303 HFAC 378-2881.

Tell Qarqur, Archaeological Investigations in Syria-Museum of Peoples and Cultures 378-6112 through February.

Al Gaudio's Scouting Museum, extensive display of scouting patches and uniforms from around the world -inside Al's Boot and Shoe Repair 131 North University Ave. 375-7236

## Exhibits-Salt Lake

Abstracts by Derek Haffer -Pioneer Memorial Theater Loge Gallery February 11-28.

Asian Art from the collection -Gallery 3, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. 581-7332 through June 13.

Personal Visions: Contemporary art from the collections -The Thomas Gallery, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. 581-7332 through February 15.

Three Utah Photographers: Susan Makow, Craig Law & John Telford -Gallery I, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U. 581-7332 through February 15.

Lallapalooza, a photographic display of projects and work -Blue Mouse Art Gallery All of January

Jim Williams, paintings and photography -Blue Mouse Art Gallery month of February.

Avard T. Fairbanks, "Seven Decades" -Salt Lake Art Center Main Gallery, 20 South West Temple 328-4201 donation admission through March 6.

Maureen O'Hara Ure & Tom Judd -Gayle Weyher Gallery 167 South Main 534-1630 Monday-Saturday through February 13.

Rayden Card & Jenni Christensen, recent works-Phillips Gallery 444 East 200 South 364-8284 Tuesday-Saturday through January 31.

Heart's Desire, Mary M. Atwater Weavers Guild Exhibit- Utah Museum of Natural History, U of U. 581-5322 Daily through February 8.

Dragonslayer -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

The Mouse that Roared-Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00 & 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/oID.

The Blue Angel (German) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 p.m.

Elektra (Greek)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45 p.m.

Ballad of a Soldier (Russian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:50 p.m.

Bizarre Bizarre (French) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 8:35 p.m.

### Performance

Young Ambassadors -de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

\*Student Recital-Jacqueline B. Child, piano -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.

Utah Symphony Youth Series "Around the World"-Symphony Hall 11:00 a.m.

Utah Symphony Sarah Bullen, harp Playing Ginastera-Symphony Hall 8:00 p.m.

\*Diana Walker, soprano & Jedd Moss, piano -Temple Square Assembly Hall 7:30 p.m.

3rd. Annual Cowboy Poetry Competition -Elko, Nevada

### Theater

Androcles and the Lion (children's version) -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 1:00 & 3:00 p.m.

The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 8:00 p.m.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat-Promised Valley Playhouse, SLC 364-5656

### Sports

BYU Basketball at Colorado State.

BYU Invitational Track -Smith Fieldhouse

BYU Gymnastics vs Minnesota -7:00 p.m.

NBA Basketball Utah Jazz vs Clippers -Salt Palace 521-6060 7:30p.m.

### Miscellaneous

PBS Movie The Wild Pony -KBYU-TV ch11 1:00 p.m.

## Sunday, February 1, 1987

### Devotional

15 Stake Fireside- Marriott Center 7:30 p.m.

### Miscellaneous

\*Sunday Vegetarian Feast and Philosophical Discussion - KHQN Radio Station 8628 S.Hwy 6, R.S.V.P. 798-3559 5:00 p.m.

## Monday, February 2, 1987

### Film

Big Trouble in Little China -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Dragonslayer -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

### Performance

\*Dan Francisco (Christian Music) -Provo High School 7:00 p.m.

### Theater

Together Again For the First Time -special pre competition open rehearsal -Gates Theatre, HFAC 2:30 p.m.

The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat-Promised Valley Playhouse, SLC 364-5656

## Theatre

Androcles and the Lion (children's version) -Brickyard Plaza, SLC 649-6208 January 24 & 31.

Are the Meadowlarks Still Singing? -Hale Center Theater 2801 South Main, SLC 484-9257 Sundays, through Eternity.

Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza 13th East 3200 South, SLC 485-2135 Friday & Saturday February 6-21.

Could You Leave the Door Open, an original play by Jeff Hardy and David Morgan- Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC 378-3875 Tuesday-Saturday, January 29-February14.

The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 168 West 500 North, SLC 363-0525 Daily January 29-February 22

The Glass Menagerie -Brickyard Plaza, 13th East 3200 South SLC 485-2135 Friday & Saturday January 9-February 27.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat -Salt Lake Repertory Theater, ZCMI Center SLC 532-6000, through March 14.

Love is for the Byrds -Hale Center Theater 2801 South Main, SLC 484-9257 Monday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday through February 21.

Mary Poppins -Symphony Hall by Salt Lake Repertory Theatre 532-6000 February 4,5,19, & 20.

This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371 Friday & Saturday February 6-March 21.

Together Again For the First Time, an original play by Reed McColm -special pre-competition open rehearsal -Nelke Experimental Theatre January 29 2:00 p.m.

-Gates Theatre, HFAC February 2 2:30 p.m.

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This calendar is presented as a public service, and is subject to change. Please call each establishment beforehand to verify time and date. Asterisk (\*) indicates a free event.

We would like your feedback on the calendar. Where do you like to go out? Which are your favorite clubs? Let us know and we'll get it in the calendar. Call 377-2980.

## Wednesday, January 28, 1987

### Lecture

International Executive Lecture "Working with the Japanese or How to do Business at a Distant 6000 miles." by Dennis Fairclough, President of ICON Systems and Software INC. -710 TNRB 4:00 p.m.

Honors Module- Thomas J. Mathiesen on Early 19th Century Symphony: Schubert, Mendelssohn, Shumann, & Beethoven. -211 MRSB 6:00-7:30 p.m.

### Film

Funny Dirty Little War -Blue Mouse, SLC 5:15, 7:00 & 8:30 p.m.

Top Gun -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Bizarre Bizarre (French) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 p.m.

The Blue Angel (German) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45 p.m.

Elektra (Greek)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:30 p.m.

Ballad of a Soldier (Russian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 8:35 p.m.



Thursday, February 5, 1987

**Lecture**  
Dr. Stan Taylor (Pol. Sci.) on Congress and Foreign Policy sponsored by College Democrats 4:00 p.m.  
**Honors Module-** Thomas F. Rogers on A.P. Chekhov, Short Stories, The Three Sisters and The Cherry Orchard -241 MRSB 6:00-7:30 p.m.

**Film**  
Private Practices -Blue Mouse SLC, 5:15, 7:00, & 8:30 p.m.

Friday, February 6, 1987

**Film**  
Private Practices -Blue Mouse SLC, 5:15, 7:00, & 8:30 p.m.  
Out of Africa -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
The Promise -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
I Confess -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00 & 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/oID.  
Nevada Smith -Film Society, 250 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00 & 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/oID.  
Teresa Venerdi (Italian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:50 p.m.  
Year of the Quiet Sun (Polish)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 & 8:30 p.m.  
Black Orpheus (Portuguese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45 p.m.

**Performance**  
\*Concerts Impromptu -Memorial Lounge, ELWC 7:00 p.m.  
\*Student Recital- Kristina Lee Bement -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.

Big Trouble in Little China -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
Teresa Venerdi (Italian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 9:20 p.m.  
Year of the Quiet Sun (Polish)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 7:20 p.m.  
Black Orpheus (Portuguese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:35 p.m.(lecture on Black Orpheus at 3:00 p.m.)  
The Bicycle Thief (Italian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 5:35 p.m.

**Performance**  
BYU Wind Symphony -de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.  
\*Guest Recital- flute & piano -Madsen Recital Hall 7:30 p.m.

**Theater**  
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.  
Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat- Promised Valley Playhouse, SLC 364-5656  
Mary Poppins -Symphony Hall by Salt Lake Repertory Theatre 532-6000 8:00 p.m.

**Sports**  
BYU Basketball vs New Mexico - Marriott Center 7:35 p.m.

Saturday, February 7, 1987

**Film**  
Private Practices -Blue Mouse SLC, 5:15, 7:00, & 8:30 p.m.  
Out of Africa -Varsity I 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
The Promise -Varsity II JSB Auditorium 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
I Confess -Film Society, 214 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00 & 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/oID.  
Nevada Smith -Film Society, 250 Crabtree Bldg. 7:00 & 9:30 \$1 w/ID, \$1.50 w/oID.  
Year of the Quiet Sun (Polish)-International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 4:45 & 8:45 p.m.  
Black Orpheus (Portuguese) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 6:45 p.m.  
The Bicycle Thief (Italian) -International Cinema, 250 Kimball Tower 3:00 p.m.

**Performance**  
\*String and Orchestra Festival -de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.  
Utah Symphony Anthony Di Bonavenbura, piano Playing Mozart, Beethoven, & Shostakovich -Symphony Hall 533-6407 8:00 p.m.  
\*BYU Concert Choir & BYU Singers -Temple Square Assembly Hall 7:30 p.m.

**Theater**  
Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.  
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.

BYU Philharmonic Orchestra -de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.  
Utah Symphony Anthony Di Bonavenbura, piano Playing Mozart, Beethoven, & Shostakovich -Symphony Hall 533-6407 8:00 p.m.  
Hayden Trio from Vienna -Snowbird Cottonwood Conference Center 8:00 p.m.  
\*Univ. of Utah A Cappella Choir "Showcase Concert"- Temple Square Assembly Hall 7:30 p.m.

**Theater**  
Children of a Lesser God -Brickyard Plaza SLC 485-2135 8:00 p.m.  
The Foreigner -Salt Lake Acting Company 363-0525 8:00 p.m.  
Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat- Promised Valley Playhouse, SLC 364-5656  
This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371  
Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat- Promised Valley Playhouse, SLC 364-5656  
This is the Place: Book III -Egyptian Theatre, Park City 649-9371

**Sports**  
BYU Women's Basketball vs Utah -Marriott Center 5:00 p.m.  
BYU Basketball vs UTEP -Marriott Center 7:35 p.m.

Faith from page 3

lives again, when strugglings appear too many and great to quiet. The mission becomes a fast and familiar source from which much is and will still be drawn.

All those who served missions know that keeping it a part of their lives ends up being more difficult than planned. And it may be that the only way to do it is with that familiar formula of daily scripture study and regular, thoughtful prayer. There are so many people and things which seem anxious to see our missions hide or dwindle away that whatever the cost of finding the right place, it couldn't be more than that paid for the wrong one.

*This is Steve's first contribution to the Review. He's an RM.*

Interview from page 4

10,000 returned missionaries around here watching us and what we do according to what they did on their missions and their mission rules. We get a lot of hassle, people saying, "Hey, we couldn't do that on our mission." It's like, that was their mission, this mission is totally different.

[Enter Elder Harris from Tonga, South Pacific, who will be returning to Harvard University and does not suggest swimming in the Atlantic Ocean; and Elder Hamner, who is serving in the Provo Vietnamese speaking mission.]

MANNING: Just one more thing, we feel like we're being watched by the KGB RM's on campus. They're all over the place.

COLE: Tell them [STUDENT REVIEW readers and other BYU students] where they can find us.

MANNING: Office 378-3006, Home 374-1590, 243 MARB.

SR: What would you like to say to all of the BYU students out there?

MANNING: BEWARE! The non-members like to camouflage themselves. They go to the wards, and some people get callings. Most people just don't realize that there are non-members out there. And remember, we're the only missionaries in the world with yellow name tags.

*This is Angie's third interview for the Review. She started with the famous "D.I. Interview."*

# After your next date . . .

- You can:
- A. hang out at 7-Eleven
  - B. cruise Center Street with your windows down and the heater on
  - C. watch MTV with your date's roommates
  - D. Listen to live jazz, play backgammon, and drink an ambrosia at



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## Blessings from page 2

their vacation, there are some definite benefits that don't always befall the foreign land missionary. Chances are you might get to drive around town in a new Dodge sedan, or eat at one of a hundred local fast food establishments.

Goodies from home arrive unmolested; your mail is untampered with; and you can open a checking account without any problems. There isn't this messy business of getting shots and although it would sure make your language requirement easier to knock off while at school you don't have to pretend you understand everybody for the first six months of your mission.

If you are motivated enough there are even ample cultural and enlightening experiences to be had (even in Idaho). It may sound trivial and corny, but the saying "it's not where you go but why you go that counts" rings true for all of those stateside elders who need some reassurance that their life has meaning. Of course if you went on a foreign mission you already think your mission was the greatest anyway so none of this even matters.

Even though it may not seem as glamorous, or your slide show not be as neat, the blessings meted out for the work done are the same. God is not a respecter of persons; he only asks that certain conditions are met. So the next time some guy or gal asks you where you went on your mission, and you think they might show a little favoritism towards foreign missions, stand up straight, crack a smile and say, "The Cabo San Lucas Flajitta Mission." If they don't believe you, and you think they might be worth telling the truth to, tell them where you really went. Even if it was the Burns Oregon Mission.

## PMS from front page

time. This could point to regional cultural differences within the US that are sufficient to cause adjustment problems. It may also counter the "culture shock" theory, indicating that leaving the overall lifestyle of a mission may be a greater readjustment obstacle than leaving foreign cultures.

The second aspect of a mission missed most by respondents was the daily gospel interaction a mission affords. Teaching the gospel and feeling the spirit is certainly possible after a mission, but this focused purpose is easily diluted by the academic and social rigors of college life. Many experience a let-down. "For a year after my mission," wrote one student, "I had dreams that I was trying to sneak back into the MTC ... These dreams ended when I began to work with the missionaries in my home ward."

Surprisingly, only 4% of those surveyed said relations with the opposite sex were their biggest adjustment. (Asking those they date, however, might yield a much different opinion).

Other adjustments include confusion about the future, familial relationships, dealing with an unstructured lifestyle, and finances.

Our survey revealed that returned missionaries were unanimous in being grateful for their missions. In evaluating their spirituality since their release, however, 14% said it had increased, 22% said it had stayed the same, and 64% said their spirituality had decreased since their return. Do these figures simply reflect a natural reduction of spiritual intensity after the mission, or could it be something more serious?

Elder Carlos D. Asay once called returned missionaries the "backbone of the church." Ten years ago a survey was administered by the Church Missionary Department asking returned missionaries about their church activity and obedience to gospel principles. The results, though not perfect, were positive. Returned missionaries placed in the 90th percentile for activity, tithing, keeping the commandments, and marrying in the temple.

But that was a decade ago. In recent devotional speeches, general authorities visiting our campus have expressed concern about waning spirituality and attendance. About a month ago Elders Boyd K. Packer and Vaughn J. Featherstone headed a Regional Conference of Melchizedek Priesthood leaders. A Bishop in attendance told me that the brethren referred to the "casualness" and "apathy" of student ward members. If RM's are indeed "the backbone" of the church, and constitute such a majority on campus, could they also be fueling the dip in activity? Has "the backbone" slipped some discs?

Officials with whom I spoke downplayed this possibility. Though not eager to comment, three of the stake presidents who would speak with me all concurred that returned missionaries are, in general, dedicated gospel servants. Tom Kallunki of University Standards assured me that returned missionaries remain the most mature and best behaved faction of the student body. David Butler of the Church Missionary Department was also reluctant to say there were

downward trends in returned missionary activity.

However, activity graphs discussed at last month's regional conference showed BYU's priesthood attendance ranging from 45-75%, whereas earlier one could expect between 80%-90%. Temple attendance has also dropped off considerably, even within the last year. These figures might be construed as indicators of waning returned missionary activity. Said one bishop, "Some returned missionaries have the attitude that they can relax a little now and be fully active later in life when they are married."

C. Eric Ott, former director of research at the Church Missionary Department, who performed the original activity survey a decade ago, told me that no research on the subject has been conducted since that time. He also saw no present need for it. The spirituality of returned missionaries is indeed difficult to judge when the only available data are subjective opinions.

The ultimate benefits of a mission are not disputed. Nevertheless, those who feel symptoms of adjustment upon returning home can rest assured they are not abnormal. Our research has shown that adjustments, though surmountable, are common and sometimes acute. And, if these adjustments are indeed contributing to an ebb in student activity, the time is ripe for acknowledgement, further research, and frank discussion of the post-mission experience.

## Sports from page 13

2.) The second lesson may be more profound. It is an unforeseen side-effect of the millionaire era. The owners have named the phenomenon, the "High Price of Mediocrity." They learned that you could not pay a man two million dollars a season to pitch, and pay the guy playing short-stop behind him ten dollars a night. Clubs soon found themselves shelling out five and six hundred thousand dollars to back-up infielders with average defensive skills and .230 lifetime batting averages. It was time for a change.

So now the owners are going to sit tight, and the players and their agents will cry, "Collusion." It is likely to be a very nasty fight. For those individuals on both sides of the fence--as well as those sitting in the middle--let me leave you with a few points to ponder.

Consider if you will, the very nature of the charge against the owners. Collusion can only succeed if all 26 owners are in favor. If so much as one owner wishes to go on playing the free-agent game, any attempt at collusion would get washed right down the pipes.

What this means is that none of the 26 owners believe in free-agency anymore. (Ask Peter Uberroth how easy it is to get all of those guys to agree to anything.) This uniformity of opinion is shocking when you realize that many of the owners had made free-agency their own personal playgrounds. Some of these guys played the free-agent game with more money that the players could have hoped.

My question is: If free-agency is so fair and even for all parties involved, how come none of the

owners (including those in a financial position to turn free-agency into a decided advantage) are willing to stand up for it?

One last point.

No one from the player's camp has ever addressed this point, but the fact is that, as things stand now, several clubs have no chance of ever becoming competitive franchises. Anyone who tells you that teams like Pittsburgh, Seattle, San Francisco, Cleveland, and, yes, Minnesota, can possibly compete in a free-agent market, is either out of his mind, or thinks that you are out of yours. Many of these teams have gifted young players on their rosters--players they are destined to lose to the rich clubs unless free-agency ends now. The attitude of the players is easy to express. They don't care. It wouldn't concern them at all if those franchises fell right off the baseball map. Fans in Minnesota should know this.

You see, Pohland could have signed Morris; but, by breathing life back into a dying free-agent system, he would almost certainly have lost a whole new generation of prospects. With Morris' \$5 million contract on the board, what chance would Pohland have of satisfying the young kids who are nearing free-agent status? Absolutely none. Pohland gambled on a free-agentless future. He passed up Morris so that he might keep Kent Hrbek, Tom Brunansky, Kirby Puckett, Gary Gaetti and others.

It was a gutty choice. It was a right choice.

We can only hope that the rest of baseball's owners prove to be just as gutty.

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